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T·L·S

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INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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The picaresque phallus

THE NAME Casanova has been a generic term for the promiscuous male for so long that, most people's minds, it has probably become completely fused with the Don Juan myth. Critics of the recent new English divorce law dubbed it "the Casanova charter", because it was thought to facilitate the activities of the conquering seducator or stud who moves on from one woman to another, with little or no regard for the hearts he may be breaking or the messes he is leaving behind. In other words, Casanova is taken to be the outstanding real-life exemplar of "male chauvinism", as Don Juan is its literary representative. But, as usual, when one looks into the matter, the apparent stereotypes turn out to be more complex than one at first supposed, and in this instance neither the myth nor the reality is adequately covered by any simple concept of masculine selfish-

Don Juan is a vast and nebulous character who has been variously interpreted. Is he a crypto-homosexual, frantically hiding his feminity from himself? Or an oedipal figure vainly returning to many females in the hope of finding the lost original one? Or a modern Prometheus who thinks that, by flouting the moral law and flashing his uncreative stump at God, he is showing getting his own back on the great Creator for the absurdity of the universe? In these and other speculations, he seems to be less concerned with establishing his dominion over individual women than with mounting an attack on the feminine principle in order to satisfy some deep, and more obscure, urge—psychological, sociological, or metaphy-

Giacomo Casanova, an actual historical figure, who was born in Venice in 1725 and died in Bohemia in 1798, was quite unlike this. He was not at the demonic end of the lechers' scale, with the God-defying Don Juan, or with Lovelace, the Marquis de Sade, and Laclos. He seems to have had no metaphysical dimension and little or no psychological diversity. He was first and foremost an 18th-century picaresque adventurer, with a great fund of unmitigated energy, a huge appetite for food and an all-consuming love of women. The word "love" needs to be emphasized; there can be no doubt that he was passionately fond of women as women.

He would go to no end of trouble to them, would lavish time, money and conversation on them, and almost measured the quality of his sexual affair or affairs by the degree of sentimental harmony accompanying his sexual demonstrations. He was repeating, with apparent sincerity, that he always preferred love to sex, although he constantly suffered from the latter when the former was not available. He insists that love depends on the face and the voice of the beloved, and that an anonymous tussle in the dark is not

so, as to many times before, that *Venus Venerea nullum discriminat inter feminas*. A true proverb as far as physical enjoyment goes, but false and very false in regard to love. The soul's loadstone lies in the face; this may be strong proof that man has a soul entirely different from that of the animals . . . when a face . . . has made a man fall in love . . . if he succeeds in enjoying the possessor of it, no deformity or ugliness in her body repels him; he even manages to find beauty in what, if he examines it, is ugly: but he does not care.

In confirmation of this, it may be noted that his most touching experience was with a girl called Charlotte Lamotte, who was never his mistress in the technical sense; she was six months' pregnant when a fellow-adventurer abandoned her to his care; Casanova looked after her tenderly until she died in childbirth three months later, and he keeps referring back to her in his narrative as a sad loss.

Another sign of his kindly nature was that he had the gift of friendship in love; his ex-mistresses were usually delighted to see him again, and often took up with him where they had left off—at least that is what he says, and he cites chapter and verse so convincingly that it seems churlish not to believe him. Realizing that his own character was unreliable—"I knew myself too well not to foresee that in a settled way of life I should become unhappy"—he had frequently wangled marriages for them with more dependable, less mobile individuals and, in a typically eighteenth-century way, he presents these arrangements as triumphs of virtue. On several occasions, he describes scenes that Greuze could have turned into *tableaux de genre*, with the inscription, "Casanova, shedding benevolent tears, as he marries off an ex-mistress".

It is true that in the matter of pregnancies he was unscrupulous, and only occasionally practised contraception (usually, in fact, as an additional item in the erotic ritual), but in the eighteenth century the general attitude towards births was somewhat different from what it is today. Such a high proportion of children died in infancy while in the care of wet nurses or in foundlings' homes that Nature herself gave the impression of obligingly wiping out the results of the urges she had inspired.

However, it would be excessive to try to rehabilitate Casanova as an exponent of relative sexual morality. He may have come to represent the latent promiscuity in all men, but even if only a sizable minority were as promiscuous as he organized society would become impossible, just as the picaresque hero in general supposes the existence of a large mass of the non-picaresque. He himself knew that his temperament was exceptional and was driving him relentlessly on, regardless of any social prudence: "All my life long I have been absorbed in vice and a worshipper of virtue."

Until his powers began to wane at the age of thirty-eight or so, he appears to have operated like a priapic machine-gun. But at least it can be said that his insistent phallus was not altogether divorced from the rest of his personality, and that this personality, as it rises from the printed page, is warm and likable in its amorousness and roguery. He would certainly never have echoed the sex-degrading, male-chauvinist remark of a philanderer in a twentieth-century French novel: "On ne cracha pas qu'avec la bouche." His metaphors for semen are "nectar" and "soul", and although they are conventional ones in eighteenth-century erotica, they are not quite as out of place as might be supposed in the context of his writing.

The importance of the new edition of his *History of My Life* is that it allows the English-speaking reader to appreciate, for the very first time, what exactly Casanova said about himself. All previous English versions were based on the early nineteenth-century text edited by Jean Laforgue, a teacher of French in Dresden, from the original manuscript in the possession of the Brockhaus firm. Laforgue was a bowdlerizer and an adaptor who, according to the evidence supplied by Willard

GIACOMO CASANOVA:
History of My Life
Translated by Willard R. Trask.
Volume 1: 349pp. Volume 2: 330pp. £3.50 the set.
Volume 3: 346pp. Volume 4: 358pp. £3.50 the set.
Volume 5: 313pp. Volume 6: 322pp. £3.50 the set.
Volume 7: 338pp. Volume 8: 317pp. £3.50 the set.
Volume 9: 415pp. Volume 10: 392pp. £3.75 the set.
Volume 11: 370pp. Volume 12: 459pp. £4.20 the set.
Longman.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

Eighteenth-century scholarship boy

Trask, made devastating alterations to both style and content.

Curiously enough, no one appears to have thought of checking with the manuscript again, until it was found to have survived the bombing of Leipzig during the Second World War. It was eventually published in France by Plon, in 1960, in a scrupulously exact edition which respects Casanova's mistakes, mis-spellings, and marginalia. His writing is sprightly and direct—". . . the public is not a lady and I like to be instinctive"—but as a Venetian who had picked up French haphazardly in the course of his career, he had a very uncertain command of idiom and gender, as he freely admits. The same solecisms and Italianisms occur with irritating frequency. Since Mr Trask has turned this slightly broken text into plain American prose, with only a few Gallicisms here and there, this is one of the rare cases of a book being perhaps more palatable in translation than in the original. The American version has the advantage of providing the contents without the distracting linguistic irregularities.

Casanova says at the beginning that he is using French because that language is more widely known than his native Italian, and it is true that French was the general cultural vehicle of the Europe of his day. He adds, in a chatty passage in one of the later volumes, that he began writing only to prevent himself dying of boredom and frustration during his unhappy retirement as Count Waldstein's librarian at the castle of Dux in Bohemia. But a great French book may have been his unacknowledged source of inspiration. Rousseau's *Confessions* was published in two parts in 1781 and 1788; Casanova began writing in 1789, at the age of sixty-four, and he must have read Rousseau, because he makes a disparaging reference to a statement contained in the *Confessions*, and some of the early episodes in his own narrative have a suspiciously Rousseauistic air. He does not present himself as an admirer of Rousseau, but it is possible, and indeed probable, that the *History of My Life* is an offshoot of the *Confessions*, just as much as Restif de la Bretonne's *Monsieur Nicolas* (1796). Moreover, there is some resemblance between Restif and Casanova: each is a slightly manic, sex-obsessed character with a vague, neo-Rousseauistic philosophy of Nature and a very fluent pen.

It may be that the *Confessions* helped both of them to realize their identities as eccentric individuals and to have the courage to reveal themselves in writing. But whereas Rousseau is a literary genius with a marvellous sense of poetic and psychological detail, Restif and Casanova are no more than minor writers. Although they can make us feel the reality of their own characters in a rough and ready way, they haven't the gift of bringing other people fully to life, or of composing great, archetypal scenes, as Rousseau does. Casanova's pages teem with names; in the course of his career, he had dealings with hundreds of people, from emperors and kings, aristocrats and rich merchants, to peasant girls, common prostitutes, rogues and card-sharpers; yet few of them are strikingly portrayed. Even the three mistresses to whom he devotes most space—Henriette, M.M., and Mme Dubois—remain fairly blank, so that when their names crop up in later contexts the reader is usually hard put to remember who exactly they are. He gives a wealth of non-significant detail about times of day, travelling arrangements and prices of meals, but when it comes to people he hardly breaks away at all from neo-classical generalization — "alabaster globes", "perfect beauty", "charming wit", etc. If one nevertheless goes on reading, it is because the sheer accumulation of incident adds up to a fascinating account of a particular picaresque adventurer in the context of eighteenth-century European society.

Rousseau's *Confessions* is undeniably the supreme work in the genre, because Jean-Jacques's picaresque existence was accompanied by an intellectual and emotional itinerary of enormous importance in the formation of the modern mind. Casanova has to be classified as one of the lesser talents but larger temperaments. Among real-life figures, he is reminiscent not only of Restif, but also of Beaumarchais, the Chevalier d'Eon, Abbé Prévost and John Law; and, in fiction, of Gil Blas, Jacob in Marivaux's *Le Paysan Parvenu* and Moll Flanders.

The adventurer and his protector

Since no authoritative social historian appears to have dealt with the subject, one can only surmise why the eighteenth century was so rich in picaresque figures, particularly in engaging rascals who could make the kind of statement that occurs in Casanova's first volume:

> So here I was in Rome, with a good wardrobe, a fair amount of money, some jewelry, and a fair amount of experience, with good letters of recommendation, completely free, and at an age when a man can count on the help of fortune if he has a spark of courage and a face which disposes those whom he approaches to look on him with favour. It is not beauty, but something more valuable, which I possessed but which I cannot define. I felt that I was capable of anything.

All during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance there had been travelling scholars, craftsmen and musicians, pilgrims and strolling players, itinerant mercenaries and rogues. But the picaresque figure, as opposed to these various characters or to the external type, the navigator or colonist, became dominant only in the eighteenth century, and his existence is more specifically reflected in French literature, although the term and the basic literary form were of earlier Spanish origin.

Casanova's story, like Rousseau's and numerous others, helps us to see how the emergent individualism of the post-Renaissance era coincided with a tradition-ridden, hierarchical yet exploitable society. There was a peculiar balance between the mobility of the individual and the fragmentation of political authority ("Heureux temps des lettres de cachet!" as Casanova was to write in 1789, without apparent irony, as he looked back on the pre-Revolutionary period). In spite of absolutism, the big nation state did not yet exist in its modern form. Europe was still for the most part a mosaic of principalities and duchies.

Even within the larger units, such as France and Russia, local *seigneurs*, whether great or small, enjoyed an autonomy that is unimaginable today. It follows that the adventurer, although he might fall foul of arbitrary authority (as Casanova did, when he was imprisoned in the Leads by the Venetian State Inquisitors, or in a jail in Barcelona by a regional governor), was not dealing with the all-pervading, faceless bureaucracies of the modern world. He could bring pressure to bear through his protectors and play off one source of power against another.

The universal inequality in rank, wealth and influence was an insurance for the clever man. Each little local lord had a kind of court; he kept open house for amusing guests; he might even serve pensions to people in whom he took an interest (for years, Casanova, in tight corners, depended on two elderly patricians, Bragadin and Dandolo, who had taken a fancy to him in his youth and who would send him money across Europe). The *seigneur's* salon was often a private gaming-room, where the adventurer, through the discreet manipulation of chance, could refine his purse. He could win credit by posing as a physician, an astrologer, or an alchemist.

If his temporary protector had the ear of the King, the Prince, or the Duke, he might even be proposed for the carrying out of diplomatic missions, the management of financial deals or the setting up of new institutions, since there was usually no organized civil service or trade union spirit to stand in his way. If he came to grief in one locality he could always move on to another, where his reputation might take some time to catch up with him. Being equipped with letters of recommendation and a ready flow of conversation, he could expect, on arriving in a new place, to dine out every day for some weeks at least. The ladies and gentlemen of the town might be waiting for some fresh mental or sexual stimulus, and there was no mechanized entertainment for him to compete with. It was the habit, in all European countries, for the members of the leisured classes to visit each other constantly, morning, afternoon and evening, in drawing rooms, bedrooms and theatre boxes, so that a newcomer found himself immediately in the swim.

As one reads about the endless round of meals, card-parties, receptions, orgies, excursions and masked balls that Casanova attended in Italy, France, Holland, Germany, Russia, England and Spain, one realizes how closed and departmentalized twentieth-century society has become. Nowadays, only at two opposite ends of the social scale - in the international jet-set or the hippy underworld—could an individual enjoy the freedom of movement and participation that Casanova took for granted over the whole social scene. Very revelatory, for instance, of the international network of influence is the way, as a young man, he obtained his first employment. He was still in his native Venice; his mother, an actress who had been working for some time in Dresden, persuaded her protectress, the Queen of Saxony, to bring pressure to bear on the Queen of Naples, her daughter, to persuade the Pope to appoint a certain priest to a bishopric in Calabria so that Casanova could be his secretary.

The glow of eroticism

He did not keep this post, or any other, for very long, because - unlike Beaumarchais, for instance—he was not the sort of picaresque hero who makes good, marries into the upper-class and establishes himself on a firm, financial basis as a new aristocrat. He had many opportunities to cleanse himself of the stigma of having been born among the classless parasites of the acting profession (he did, in fact, become a Papal Knight, for what that was worth), but he threw them all away, either because of the natural instability of his temperament which made it impossible for him to think about the future until it was too late, or because the central interest in his life was not material success or power but the lyrical and physical satisfaction of his genitals. Occasionally, in the intervals between beds, he mentions literary ambitions, but he had no definite talent and did not start writing for publication until very late. So long as, by fair means or not too foul, he had enough money to play the aristocrat and court the ladies, his days were full enough:

> Since in this life nothing is real except the present, I enjoyed it, drawing images of the past and [illegible] darkness of the always dense future, for it offers nothing except dark *linea rerum*. . . .

Despite myself, I know, [illegible] forced to admit, that I had [illegible] my time, which meant that I [illegible] my life.

Sometimes, he expresses the truth by means of an italian [illegible] "la cazza non vuol pensare" [illegible] penis does not wish to think] [illegible] he died, at the age of seventy-[illegible] he had taken the narrative [illegible] up to his forty-ninth year; [illegible] even at that fairly advanced [illegible] indomitable organ was still [illegible] between him and his wife, [illegible] stimulating them.

Here again, it has to be [illegible] the circumstances of the [illegible] favoured his temperament. [illegible] the eighteenth century [illegible] spected the outward forms of [illegible] decorum, morality among the [illegible] classes was even more pretence [illegible] is the case today. Since most [illegible] were *mariages de convenance*, [illegible] wife was fair game for the [illegible] and indeed expected to be [illegible] The social prestige of the [illegible] such that a man with the [illegible] an aristocrat could appear [illegible] middle-class or lower-class [illegible] count on turning her head [illegible] mixture of blandishments [illegible] She, for her part, might look [illegible] this initiation as a useful [illegible] marriage, rather in the [illegible] those girls of certain [illegible] who prostitute themselves [illegible] their dowries. Masks, disguises [illegible] the curious eighteenth-century [illegible] sion for transvestism fed [illegible] intrigues.

Also, before the invention [illegible] modern hygiene and medicine [illegible] transport, everyday living was [illegible] more physical and intimate [illegible] is now. Travellers were [illegible] together for long periods in [illegible] carriages; total strangers [illegible] share rooms or even beds in [illegible] inns; the universal practice [illegible] *table d'hôte* was very different [illegible] the impersonality of the [illegible] dining-room. A lady or [illegible] could hardly travel without a [illegible] to empty the chamber-pot [illegible] arrange toilet facilities, and [illegible] servant might be less of a [illegible] of virtue than an active go-[illegible] Girls, more often than not, slept [illegible] in a bed and, as Casanova [illegible] for the benefit of naive provincials [illegible] curious sisters, cousins or [illegible] were often easier to seduce than [illegible] since they would egg each other [illegible] and think that what both [illegible] did together was more exciting [illegible] what one of them might have [illegible] alone.

In any case, the whole century [illegible] bathed in a glow of eroticism [illegible] as it was between the old [illegible] world of Europe and the new [illegible] of rationalism, individualism [illegible] technology, it had a peculiar [illegible]

[illegible]hich may, as a kind of side-effect, [illegible]are produced a diffused genital [illegible]citement. And Casanova, in his [illegible]ental way, tries to cover the whole [illegible]non-pathological erotic range, from [illegible] "L'Embarquement pour Cythère", [illegible] way of "L'Escarpolette" to [illegible]reino's positions and the cures for [illegible]nereal disease.

It is in this connexion, even more [illegible] than with regard to some other [illegible]ments in the narrative, that the [illegible]stion of Casanova's truthfulness [illegible]es. He presents himself frankly, [illegible]d in so many circumstances, as [illegible]fluent and ready liar, that he must [illegible] get into a habit of mytho[illegible] that was very hard to break [illegible] old age, even when he was writing [illegible] confessions for posthumous pub[illegible]tion (besides, there is evidence [illegible] he had some slight hope of [illegible]ing them in his lifetime). The notes to Mr Trask's translation show that many of his stories are probably true, while others seem to be manifest inventions. It is difficult to say whether, in sexual matters, he is describing his own experiences scrupulously or amplifying them with the help of the more or less clandestine literature of the day. In writing up his exploits he may have amused himself by making them approximate to erotic stereotypes. It is clear that a great deal of his narrative cannot be literately accurate, since he gives what purport to be verbatim transcriptions of conversations which occurred twenty, thirty, or forty years earlier; that is, he often casts his stories into the pseudo-novel form, as a novel-writer might, conversely, use the pseudo-memoir form.

Again, some episodes sound much more convincing than others. In the quite outstanding chapters describing his imprisonment in, and escape from, the Leads, every detail has the ring of truth, and one would expect this to be the case, since the tiniest events of such a dramatic experience must have been indelibly imprinted on his memory, and there would in any case be little point in falsifying them. But when he expatiates on a sodomitic and masturbatory scene with a Turk in a Constantinople summer-house, while the naked ladies of the Turk's harem bathe in a pool outside, one has doubts; similarly, when a novice, in blushing wonderment, treats him to fellatio through the grid of a convent parlour, or he falls in love with a castrato, mistaking the eunuch for a girl, or with a pretty person in male attire who is passing herself off as a castrato with the help of a false penis. These things may be true, but they could also be imaginary incidents in a pornographic novel that Casanova is combining with the story of his life to cheer himself up in the dreary, flaccid solitude of Dux. Since a lot of the amorous *badinage* is reminiscent of *La Nuit et le Moment* by Crébillon fils, some of the physical exploits may have been titivated with the help of such books as *Fellela ou mes fredaines* or *Le Portier des Chartreux*.

On the other hand, he may genuinely have attracted a wide spectrum of experience, because his philosophy of nature, as he hints at it from time to time, embraces everything except sadistic cruelty and masochistic submission; he does not, like the Marquis de Sade, make these things the important features of nature. He sometimes refers to sodomy as being anti-natural, but this seems to be an automatic use of the adjective, since he apparently engaged in the activity without any scruples. Nor was he opposed to incest, voyeurism, multiple sex, or any of the non-aggressive variations, almost all of which he describes with gusto. In short, in his case as in some others, it is impossible to tell whether pornography followed the amorality of real life or whether real life followed the imaginings of pornography. This, after all, is what one would suppose to be the case with his kind of picaresque hero. Courageous and dashing, but without any definite social or moral principles, he was very far from being a precursor of the modern Existentialist *révolté*, like Rousseau or Figaro; he was just a sort of freelance, self-appointed aristocrat with a *membrum supervirile*.

[illegible]MARMONTEL:
[illegible]oires
[illegible]ted by John Renwick.
[illegible] Volumes. 317pp. Clermont-Fer[illegible]d: G. de Bussac.

[illegible]S RENWICK:
"Destinée posthume de Jean-[illegible]rçois Marmontel: Bibliographie [illegible]que
[illegible]p. Clermont-Ferrand: Institut [illegible]udes du Massif Central.

[illegible]rmontel's story is a success story, [illegible]ot a story of rags to riches—[illegible]back again, thanks to the Revolu[illegible]. He was the eighteenth-century [illegible]rship boy; no genius, but a [illegible]er of the approved social and [illegible]l skills which took him to the [illegible] to become Historiographer [illegible] Secretary of the French Aca[illegible] and the friend of princes and [illegible]ers. It is a story that can be [illegible]ted in many of the great [illegible]y careers of the *ancien régime* [illegible]e, Boileau, Voltaire), though [illegible]ontel started a step lower on [illegible]cial ladder than most.

[illegible]e so many of his contemporar[illegible] owed his early training to the [illegible] Jesuit educational machine. [illegible]ughout his memoirs one can [illegible]ow valuable their lessons were [illegible]; above all they taught him [illegible]ence, the ability to master [illegible]bal and communicate it persua[illegible] to different audiences. It is [illegible]prising then that life seems to [illegible] Marmontel a succession of [illegible]rmances. There is a nice exam[illegible] this in his account of his first [illegible]g with Voltaire, where it is [illegible] to know if he is being deliber[illegible]tmny. The great man asks him [illegible] he proposes to do now that he has made his way from Toulouse to Paris. Marmontel does not know and asks for advice. Write a good comedy, says Voltaire. Alas, says Marmontel, I don't know anyone, how can I compose portraits? Well, then, says Voltaire, try tragedy. And Marmontel tries; he reads the approved works (Aristotle, Corneille, etc), attends the theatre regularly, studies ancient history and is soon ready to write the tragedy of *Denys le Tyran*, which sets him on the path to fortune.

The main interest of these *Mémoires* is precisely this self-portrait of a self-made man, in which the author reveals more of himself than he intends to. As John Renwick makes very clear in his measured introduction, the autobiographer paints himself in flattering colours. In some cases he tells lies, in others he places the emphasis so as to give himself the noble role. This is the work of a man ruined and upset by the Revolution, looking back from his country retreat and his old age to an embellished past: "ces souvenirs étoient pour moi un soulagement véritable, en ce qu'ils effaçoient au moins, pour des momens, les tristes images du présent par les doux songes du passé." Also he is writing for his children and wants to tell an edifying tale; the result is a life in which it is hard to disentangle fact from fiction. One does not know what sources Marmontel had apart from his memory—and he himself says that this was not very reliable. But his Jesuit training in rhetoric stands him in good stead as he invents speeches in the manner of Livy for the dramatic occasions of his life, and the author of the sentimental *Contes Moraux* shows through in the golden picture of his childhood and family life.

Not that the *Mémoires* are as insipid as this might suggest; they are more concisely written than the moral tales, full of interesting anecdotes, and as in Rousseau's *Confessions* there is a saving dose of self-mockery. Often the idyll comes alive through detail—Marmontel has a loving memory for good food which seems to be characteristic of his self-indulgent nature. But what is most valuable is the picture of the road to success. As the memorialist reckons up his financial position at various points in his ascent, one is reminded of what Ian Watt has called the "economic individualism" of Moll Flanders and Robinson Crusoe. Marmontel is a great believer in social virtues, but his main concern—which he can justify by an appeal to family duty—is to establish himself on a firm footing in the world. His mapping-out of the way to the top is of considerable interest to the social historian. So too is the scale of values implied in his memoirs, the importance placed on self-effacing tact, flattery, eloquence, harmony, all the qualities which go to make a good salon man and which are conspicuously lacking in such boors as Rousseau.

Marmontel may not be a reliable witness of events; his account of the Revolution is obviously biased and in places inaccurate, his portraits of contemporaries often read like the set-pieces of fiction which Diderot ridicules in *Jacques le Fataliste*. He is however a very good specimen of a certain eighteenth-century type. We may not care for the type, but there is something appealing in the old man's self-deceiving idyll.

A small Marmontel industry has developed in Clermont-Ferrand recently, much of it apparently inspired by the editor of these memoirs. He has also produced a critical bibliography, giving a lengthy account of all the significant, and some of the insignificant, writing on Marmontel; this seems a somewhat inflated enterprise, but it will help those who wish to study Marmontel seriously. His edition of the *Mémoires* is attractively presented and contains an excellent introduction. There are fuller notes than in earlier editions; a large proportion of these are thumbnail biographies of the people mentioned by Marmontel. It is only a pity that this edition was preceded a few years ago by an expensive Slatkine reprint of the old Tourneux edition, which provides an adequate text, even if the accompanying material is thinner than in the present volumes.

Soldier's tale

I. ROY (Editor):
Blaise de Monluc
253pp. Longman. £3.50.

The *Commentaries* of Blaise de Monluc, the swashbuckling Gascon soldier turned Marshal of France, whose career bridged the Italian wars and the Wars of Religion, are among the liveliest memoirs of sixteenth-century France. Though they found their way into the libraries of English noblemen in the early seventeenth century, they have not been given much attention in this country since. I. Roy's edition in the "Military Memoirs Series" will go a long way towards remedying this unjustified neglect.

It is only a selection, amounting to roughly a quarter of the original; but all the famous episodes in Monluc's career—the capture of the mills of Auriol, the battle of Cérisoles and the sieges of Siena and Thionville, are included. By using Charles Cotton's translation of 1674, the editor has successfully retained something of the archaic flavour of the original.

The *Commentaries* are particularly valuable to the military historian on account of their illumination of contemporary developments in the art of war. As Dr Roy explains in his admirable introduction, warfare in the sixteenth century became more cautious and defensive as a result of the growing importance of portable firearms and artillery; resounding battles gave way gradually to sieges and campaigns punctuated by skirmishes. But Monluc, whose self-portrait of a rough soldier is really misleading, was also an intelligent and shrewd observer of people and events, so that his work holds much of interest to the non-specialist. His account of a royal council meeting on the eve of the battle of Cérisoles suddenly brings to life an otherwise shadowy institution.

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Armed Love
Communal Living—Good or Bad? 216pp. Blond Briggs. £2.

From communism youthful fashion now runs in reverse to cells and communes. It is a way of resolving not so much the problems of the world, or of single societies in that world, as the intractable-seeming problems of single, isolated individuals. As Elia Katz found, on a recent coast-to-coast safari from New York to New Mexico, such individuals tend to be peripheral, subordinate, incapable of independent existence. Living in the cracks of the capitalist Cockaigne—"millions of hippie insects", he calls them, "crawling and darting through the fur of the Big Ugly Bear"—they flaunt a paradox: internal émigrés contemptuously living off that culture (with women, some dope, and a record player, a pile of comics, a telephone, a Coke, a piece of chicken, good friends) who are at the same time its largest and most recent leisure class.

But again and again, at the magnetic centre of such collectives or extended families, Mr Katz introduces their patriarchal head, long-haired guru or shaman, dispensing power, advice, instruction—not necessarily as malignant or even as neurotic as Charles Manson but of whom Manson is now the recognizable type. That oriental vocabulary of masculine dominance comes readily to mind:

> She said, "Byron was the first really real man I ever made it with. He was the first one who could make me feel like a real woman. . . . Not that it is a sex trip . . . it's more like a head trip. He just really smooths your head out . . . like, he *knows*, he really *knows*."

A harem closeness of feeling apparently develops between such women till they seem exactly like their suburbanite mums sharing the same doctor or psychoanalyst.

Some communes merely display defiance: the energy of children openly ungrateful to their parents. To smash is freedom; the tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of ecology. Others are therapeutic, organic, ecological, where sun-people stir their macrobiotic mush with pensive forefingers. Yoga, meditation, natural childbirth and *porphyra umbilicalis* (or purple laver) gently reprove the envious, lonely, competitive culture of Coca-Cola, drugs, Vietnam and Tastee Bakes. But here too sexual anarchy lurks behind the suburban proprieties. Others again are hardly communes at all, merely associations of convenience knit together by urban economics: houses for twelve being cheaper than a dozen separate apartments. But there are also the political houses, true covens of communards dedicated to the destruction of US imperialism, founded in response to the politicians and the corporations. These are seedbeds of revolutionaries *at war*, whose proto-communes, as often as not, turn out to be prisons (for blacks) and mental institutions (for whites).

But the deepest experience for the author himself was an "extended family" commune, busy with babies and dogs, where Zen Happiness mingled with Passover Seder back on the land:

> Sixty people live in three rooms, and at night all available floor space is covered with mattresses. Members of short standing usually sleep on these mattresses, while the more permanent residents sleep on huge carpentered double-decker beds, sometimes three to a bed. The beds belong to the women. If you want to sleep in a bed, or if you want to sleep with a woman, you are supposed to ask her at some time during the day if it is all right with her. . . . The ones that are pregnant look forward to bringing new children into the Family, though they may not know who the biological father is. The children are cared for by all the women of the Family, and they sleep together on two buses parked in the yard.

Here is a sanctuary for mystery and initiation, without money and with coy Gothick names; Lord Byron, Lady Samantha, Lady Lily, Sir William. But the final effect is more like a coed sorority-cum-fraternity, only now with even more bizarre graduation honours and even more self-conscious publicity: "we want to pledge the whole *world*".

This search for a collective Camelot, however, is strangely ambiguous. Part journalistic project, part personal quest, it sustains an obsessive zigzag course. In Taos, like Lorenzo, Mr Katz momentarily stumbles on his ideal. He drops his pen. He claims his Family, though the Family seems merely to tolerate the new disciple. But finally fulling their test of total personal surrender, he drops back into his quizzical journalist's role. He visits the new monastic centres—built to survive these Dark Ages and herald a coming apocalypse of love—yet instinctively holds aloof from all artifice, all tribal reservations. He scrutinizes their cells, while remaining intensely hostile to all spirit-talk, God-talk, religion-talk.

The result is at once ironically knowing and involved—combining something of Kerouac's verve on the road with Tom Wolfe's cool, limbering stance. Mr Katz can be a vivid reporter of a longhair neo-Yankee trader, for example, a fourteen-year-old Johnny Appleseed "just spacin' around" selling his acid from California to Oregon to Alaska; or of a community crash-pad on the Grand Youth Tour, replete with teenage pilgrims from nowhere to nowhere weighed down with backpacks, paperbacks and guitars. Their cult (and Mr Katz is all too aware of the joke) is one of poverty—non-competitive, cooperative, neighbourly, voluntary, neo-Franciscan poverty in the richest of rich countries this earth has ever known.

Present imperfect

MICHAEL DAVIE:
In the Future Now
254pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3.

PETER SCHRAG:
The Vanishing American
255pp. Gollancz. £3.

Every four years the Presidential elections in the United States bring with them a revival of the curiosity that still obsesses many Europeans about the workings of that powerful yet somehow still mysterious society. Both Michael Davie and Peter Schrag have produced helpful contributions towards this ritual examination of the American entrails; their common weakness is that both tend to deal rather too freely in the great simplicities.

Mr Davie's is perhaps the thinner production of the two. His basic premise is not only more than a shade elementary but, like the inversion of the Lincoln Steffens tag that provides his jumping-off point, it is hardly original (Anthony Howard used it recently and rather more aptly about Sweden). California, in Mr Davie's account, is the ultimate frontier. With the aid of modern technology it has been subdued and now provides its fortunate inhabitants with "better conditions of life than any large numbers of people in history". Yet this future attained in the present does not work: discontent and disillusion are rife among Californians of all shades of opinion. Furthermore, freedom from want has created a spiritual vacuum in which a thousand bees, liberated from their owners' bonnets, buzz deafeningly.

It is in his pursuit of the exotic that Mr Davie's talents show to their best advantage: he has the good journalist's knack of dramatizing an issue with a single interview. For part of his subject-matter the technique works well enough: but unhappily the past is not amenable to this approach, and Mr Davie has no redeeming sense of history. The present interests him; the future even more so: but the past is not his concern. So California's origins, which though recent are both fascinating and of importance in understanding the present, go unrecorded—the xenophobia of the campaign for Oriental exclusion and even Upton Sinclair's campaign for governor in the 1930s, based on the poverty which was then general, are cases in point. Mr Davie's California is presented exclusively in terms of the political configurations of the present: the world of Ronald Reagan confronting the world of the Berkeley students.

The far right is a source of particular fascination to Mr Davie. He locates its ideological basis in the expressed desire of figures like Max Rafferty, the former State Superintendent of Education, to recapture a version of traditional American values, and its geographical base in Southern California, which he contrasts with the febrile radicalism of the North. But the implication that Southern values have come to hold the upper hand with the election of Governor Reagan is not squared with Rafferty's defeat in 1970. Mr Davie also passes in silence over another, more famous defeat: Richard Nixon's failure to attain the governorship, which culminated with one of the great bogus exit lines, Nixon's prophecy that the press would be deprived henceforth of the pleasure of kicking him around.

Indeed, Mr Davie is oddly unsympathetic to the other side of the debate. He catches the pervasive air of insecurity that lurks under the surface of Californian middle-class prosperity which has its literal counterpart in the geological faults that cut across the State and which has helped to produce the Charles Mansons and provide the market for the Esalens. The angst that mars the serenity of suburban living and spoils even the tranquillity of retirement is graphically brought out in his interviews, though he never quite matches the novelists for perception—Alison Lurie's *Nowhere City* in particular. But the radicals, who have their own grounds for rejecting the values of affluent California, get short shrift.

The students are treated with total lack of sympathy, and his account of the Panthers (who badly need sober treatment) is perfunctory in the extreme. Angela Davis, her guilt assumed, is discussed chiefly as a cause of embarrassment to the faculty liberals of Berkeley. Only Cesar Chavez, the Chicago labour organizer, is treated with anything approaching sympathy. Mr Davie, in full pursuit of his thesis, is not prepared to take a closer look at the radicals' alternative future: just as, with better reason, he declines to examine the exhausted past of that bankrupt myth factory, Hollywood.

Mr Schrag is concerned with both. His theme is both stronger and better developed, and his prose wittier; though his presentation suffers from some of the same defects. The basic argument is that the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant elite, who generated the core culture to which other ethnic groups were expected to assimilate, has lost power in the United States over the past generation, and with power the confidence to impose its particular values and attitudes. The concept of a small-town America in which the traditional virtues of hard work, sobriety and thrift could get you ahead still carried conviction as late as the Second World War, celebrated by the movie industry and perpetuated by politicians of both parties. Since then the credibility has drained away; political power has passed to other hands, economic power has sharply diminished, citadels of high culture have been stormed by the Jews, the Reds have challenged the whole basis of assent on which society is organized, and, worst of all, the elite themselves judged by their own canons who have thrown out, bag and baggage, the whole Protestant ethic of salvation through work. And rightly so, too, Mr Schrag implies.

Up to this point, the argument is vigorous and often convincing: though the notion of a similar surrender by the WASP elite on the fronts is both naive and unhistorical. But when Mr Schrag carries his advance his version of an alternative ordering of society he cannot carry conviction. Under the disparaging slick rubric "getting it together" he ately" he develops his theme: the various distinct groups that have been presumed lost in the melting pot created in deference to the WASP myths have emerged intact and are triumphantly reasserting themselves, brushing aside the efforts of the planners who have aimed at them on the WASPs' behalf. A fine achievement, since, to Mr Schrag, "a tyranny of experts and planners isn't much improvement on the tyranny of gauleiters and czars". Happy Americans, the British reader will murmur, who have experience of tyranny is so limited that they can lightly make such comparisons!

But, more important, Mr Schrag's argument circumvents the key question of who is to mediate between the various groups that will emerge in his brave new plural America. The system where power is up for grabs between a set of competing interest states, the competitors are not likely to enjoy equal access to the powers and resources that will be at some but not all of them disposal.

And in the struggle that will follow from that situation the winners are not going to be those virtuous beings that obediently echo Mr Schrag's belief in pluralism, but the tough defenders of a different and exclusive separatism; the all-white middle-class suburbs, the Southern sheriffs denying citizen's rights. As Mr Herrington pointed out some years ago, in situations of that sort it is not need a course in Marxism to know who will come out on top.

All this is a pity, because Mr Schrag has fresh and worthwhile things to say, so long as he concentrates on his analysis rather than grabbing at the newest intellectual fashion. But nothing dates like the topical, as his section on the psychological challenge of Governor Wallace's supporters demonstrates—falsified about the other parts of his argument. The rise of Senator McGovern, however, he, like Mr Davie, provides an entertainment for those concerned about America at some of its periodic turning-points, and some profit besides.

Heading away from it all

HARRISON POPE, Jr:
Voices from the Drug Culture
147pp. Boston: Beacon Press. $4.95.

Go Ask Alice
161pp. Eyre Methuen. £1.50.

PETER STAFFORD:
Psychedelic Baby Reaches Puberty
231pp. Academy Editions. £1.95.

Books about drugs are in some ways like the drugs themselves. They come in very different kinds of jacket, respectably or luridly coloured; they are "downs", "ups" or neutral; they arouse vastly different expectations in their users. In addition, individual reactions to their consumption vary enormously.

The books reviewed here are but a small part of a recent plethora. A recent paper in the *International Journal of the Addictions* suggests that the illicit market for drugs that act upon the mind can only be changed by changing the factors that influence demand. Attempts to restrict supply are doomed to failure. Changes in demand can in theory be brought about by education, but fundamental changes in social organization will probably be needed before any real difference in drug demand is noticed. However, though education is a potential palliative, it may rebound and make the situation worse than before.

Voices from the Drug Culture is based on the thesis of a Harvard medical student who mixed with innumerable (and nowhere quantified) numbers of drug users of all kinds and quotes extensively from his conversations with them. These are obviously authentic and Harrison Pope's interpretations and suggestions are cool, fresh and humane. He does not push beyond his evidence, such as it is, and although he interprets it according to his own prejudices, these are remarkably unobtrusive.

Go Ask Alice purports to be the virtually unedited diary of a fifteen-year-old girl from a happy and apparently well-balanced professional American family. Little more than two years after her first trip she is dead from an overdose (of what is not stated; and it doesn't matter), healthy and happy background notwithstanding. The tragedy all the more compelling. Apart from a superficially typically humane, footnote by Dr Hemming, there is no commentary, no attempt at explanation. No comment, no blame attached, no reason given. It has happened before, it will happen again.

Psychedelic Baby Reaches Puberty stimulates no thought of any kind. It may, however, inspire those who have contributed to it or those who think, to use an inappropriate word, as they do. The strength of anyone does, still control the development of society, and such books produce explosions of straight talk that are more likely to delay the time when an equable decision about the place that drugs are to play in our society can be reached. On the evidence so far, it is a pity that psychedelic books ever reached paperback publication.

Disruptive moments

GABRIEL FIELDING:
Poor Queens for Old
[illegible]pp. Hutchinson. £2.

MIKHAIL BULGAKOV:
The Collaud
[illegible]ed by Ellendea Proffer and [illegible]R. Proffer
[illegible]slated by Carl R. Proffer
[illegible]pp. Indiana University Press [illegible]IN). £2.85.

DAVID MARCUS (Editor):
[illegible]s of the Shamrock
[illegible]p. Wolfe. £2.50.

[illegible]-Collected Stories of Bertrand [illegible]ssell
[illegible]ed by Barry Feinberg
[illegible]. Allen and Unwin. £4.50.

[illegible]t from a single incident in the [illegible] title story, Gabriel Fielding's [illegible] consciously avoids the climac[illegible]. He writes with precision and [illegible] a studied care; he writes, in [illegible] with an unwavering concern for [illegible]; and if his prose strikes the [illegible] as overtly civilized, that is only [illegible] since the world of which he [illegible] is one which retains its civil[illegible] respect, though often against the [illegible]. A number of the stories give [illegible] impression of having been lifted [illegible] directly from life, modified [illegible] by the order imposed by style, [illegible] invested with the implicit percep[illegible] of hindsight. In "The [illegible]ster of the Germans", which [illegible] of a failed love affair, the protag[illegible]ist is called Gabriel; the story [illegible] poignant one, but there is polig[illegible]ty, too, in the notion of a man [illegible]ing an incident from his youth [illegible] a wry, almost dispassionate [illegible], as if an old photograph were [illegible] used as part of a collage. It [illegible] indication of Mr Fielding's [illegible] that he can make that notion a [illegible] of the story's weight and total [illegible], when it is, in fact, the base on [illegible] much fiction is built; it [illegible]es essential to the story, but is [illegible] self-advertising.

[illegible] and again, Mr Fielding [illegible]strates the measure of his [illegible]ility to those tiny moments of [illegible] or regret which are the com[illegible] currency of life. He doesn't, [illegible], make the mistake of being [illegible]ically dour about them. "The [illegible] Bloods" is a gently humor[illegible]story about a young man—of [illegible] influence—who is trying to [illegible] membership at an exclusive [illegible]. The path he must tread in order [illegible]press the right people in the [illegible] way is a narrow one—familiar [illegible] those who have already travelled [illegible] full of subtle pitfalls for those [illegible] find it unfamiliar. The social [illegible] here is not between the [illegible] and the have-nots so much as between those who have and those who provide the spectacle is of a man who possesses privilege gazing enviously at those who create it.

If it is a truism that wealth and position are no defence against misery, Mr Fielding demonstrates that their effect is to refine grief; to make it less easily identifiable. In "The Dear Demesne", a woman is forced to leave a house in which she has been happy. She enlists the help of an old friend (who may also have once been her lover) who, like her, affects a studied grace, a gutless, cultivated aestheticism which is reflected by the house and its furnishings. The deliberate preciousness of it all ("I stroked the throats of the orchids on the Bechstein") might be a little overworked, but the tiny moment of pure anguish felt by the pair as they are touched by an irretrievable past is perfectly postponed and subtly underplayed. If the fact that they are resigned to sadness is an indication of weakness, it is the weakness of those to whom emotional strength is a kind of vulgarity: a vulgarity displayed by the "little French harlot" Pixie who, in the title story, is taken by a millionaire on his annual tour of Egypt. Pixie, unlike most of Mr Fielding's characters, has a strength which seems to come from her lack of vision, and the effect of that strength on her companion and on their middle-class Arabic guide is a violent one. The surprising thing is that the violence, when it comes, is remarkable principally for the dislocation it causes; and moments of disruption—however impermanent—often provide the impulse for these stories. They may, most of them, be apparently slight, but their delicacy and subtle resonance give them a deceptive strength.

Mikhail Bulgakov suffered considerably at the hands of the censors and official critics during Stalin's time. His plays and prose writings were systematically banned, though he wrote a number of feuilletons for various papers, some of which are reprinted in this collection. The satire in the stories, usually masked by surreal fantasy, explores the familiar—almost traditional—ground of the little man defeated at every turn throughout: "He started to stop", "life went parading past me in its quotidian way" it may be the fault of the translator, but that is no compensation. If enjoyment of the stories is inhibited by the rebarbative style, then any real judgment of them is likewise inhibited by the feeling that we are getting Bulgakov-and-water. Presumably, though, we can assume that the plots of the stories remain unchanged, and they, for the most part, seem unremarkable, though the time and circumstances in which they were produced, and the targets at which they were aimed, lend them a significance outside their qualities as works of the imagination.

That kind of heavy significance is inseparable, too, from *Tears of the Shamrock*, subtitled "An anthology of contemporary short stories on the theme of Ireland's struggle for nationhood". The stories themselves, of course, demand individual assessment, but the purpose in collecting them seems to be a desire on the part of the editor to illuminate "the common tragedy of all Irishmen", though the anthology seems not so much opportunist as preempted, and the fiction representative of nothing but itself—which is how it should be. If the volume's editorial direction seems a little pointless, David Marcus has, at least, included a number of fine stories. "The Scoop", by James Plunkett, is a funny, downbeat account of how a practical joke played on a naive visiting journalist backfires; and Liam O'Flaherty is represented by a perfectly judged account of the aftermath of a skirmish between Republicans and Free State soldiers, in which the brutality and confused loyalties of civil war are movingly epitomized by the death of one man.

The Collected Stories of Bertrand Russell reprints the mannered (and well-mannered) stories by which he is best remembered as a writer: "Satan in the Suburbs", "Nightmares of Eminent Persons" and so on, together with a few lesser-known pieces and whimsies. The "puckish humour and . . . carefully formal, old-fashioned style" of which the *TLS* reviewer spoke in noticing *Nightmares* is detectable throughout, and those with a crusty palate or an arch sense of humour will want the book on their bedside tables, though anyone who happens to come across the collection in the library and needs some quotable quotes could turn up the "Good Citizen's Alphabet" for a witty, occasionally testy, selection: "B: Bolshevik—Anyone whose opinions I disagree with." "E: Erroneous—Capable of being proved true." "V: Virtue—Submission to the government." Best of all, perhaps, is "P: Pedant—A man who likes his statements to be true": a definition illustrated, self-effacingly, with a caricature of Russell himself.

Broken promise

[illegible]K COPE:
[illegible] Student of Zend
[illegible] Heinemann. £2.50.

Cope's is not a very familiar [illegible] in England, though in his native [illegible] Africa he is long established [illegible] greatly admired, and much of [illegible] work has been translated into [illegible] African languages. The careful, [illegible]ophical opening of *The Student* [illegible] and reinforces that reputation as [illegible] his hero, James Clare, in his [illegible] setting. He is one of the sons [illegible] rich, prewar South African [illegible] on friendlier terms with the [illegible] workers on the farm than with [illegible] father and his father's friends, [illegible] his family lapped in com[illegible] and plenty. He begins to reject [illegible] background as he comes to under[illegible] the greed in which he believes [illegible] rooted, and when he goes to [illegible] to join the RAF, he deserts [illegible] soon as he lands because he by [illegible]ntinates the war with the system [illegible] which he is in revolt.

[illegible] so far so good; but from the [illegible] James Clare goes underground in wartime London, the tone and, as it seems, the purpose of the novel radically change. Clare eventually becomes a university student, later specializing in Zoroastrianism, and through surrendering himself to scholarship, finds a way of dealing with the world which wounds him. He marries a gifted musician, Joyce, the sister of his childhood friend Ditmar, only to watch her die in a foolish accident. Ditmar, who in postwar South Africa has tried to match intellect and goodness against the state, spends fifteen years in prison: his release is the occasion of Clare's return after twenty-seven years of exile. This journey touches off a flood of wandering recollection, darting back and forth in time and place, but tacked to Clare's present middle-age by a sub-plot involving a search in South Africa for a niece of Ditmar's, who had appealed to him for help and then disappeared.

The trouble is that the author retreats from the task of elucidating those elements in the book that most shape and direct it. Clare's studies, which are crucial to him and give the book its title, are skimmingly touched upon, and might as well have concerned any other impressively abstruse subject. We need to know far more than we are told about Ditmar's political and philosophical ideas, in order to respect him in the way we are clearly intended to, and to understand Clare's allegiance to him. The romantic vagueness of all this is dreadfully unsatisfying, and in small details too Mr Cope abandons what he has so excellently begun. Compared with the energy and solidity of the description of Clare's South African life, the account of his London adventures and his explorations of the city when Joyce arrives might be by another hand, a cursory list of tourist doings. Joyce's deathbed scene is as slick as if it had been written to fit a page, nothing at all to do with the likely, painful dealings with Clare's family in the beginning of the book. That beginning alerts the reader in a particular way, which is not so very common; yet what follows, instead of being something to last and matter, turns out to be a sort of South African "Archers", as easy to read as to forget.

Low realism

DACIA MARAINI:
Memorie di una ladra
297pp. Milan: Bompiani. L.2,200.

Dacia Maraini's view of life, as shown in her novels, has always been a gloomy one. It seems to be perpetually raining; people are uncouth and disappointing and physically unattractive; no natural gaiety or social cheerfulness seems ever to liven anyone. There is nothing, of course, artistically wrong with this; Hardy, to name only one among many, took a view of things that was quite as glum; indeed it might be argued that rain is the normal climate of the artist today and gaiety an irrelevance. But Hardy's gifts were incomparably higher; one is not depressed by *Tess* or *Jude*, whatever their misfortunes, however melancholy the eye that looks at them. Whereas depression, a sort of low-powered low spirits very close to the atmosphere she creates, is the normal reaction to Signorina Maraini's novels. They are simply not strong enough to sustain or justify their weight of sorrow, of world-weariness.

Her first two novels were short, spare and a little absurd; one was not persuaded of the importance of what happened to their young heroines. *Memorie di una ladra* (Memoirs of a thief) is quite unlike them, uses an entirely different technique, seeks to create a wholly new impression. Far from being short and spare, it meanders slowly across the lifetime of a middle-aged woman in what seems a repetitive way; though this sense of repetitiveness comes from the fact that it is a monotonous narrative, not that the incidents necessarily repeat themselves. Teresa drifts from a brutalized childhood into an unloving marriage, abandons her child to its aunts and, from the mid-1940s until the present, wanders about Italy in a purposeless way, living from hand to mouth, from thieving job to job. In between are spells in prison, where brutality seems the rule, and her final plan is to "go straight" as a dressmaker—though this, perhaps deliberately, seems a pathetically ill-judged ambition, since she mentions elsewhere her hopeless clumsiness with a needle.

The problem raised, though not solved, by the book is an old one: how to let an inarticulate person express thoughts, feelings and experiences in a way that is both authentic and credible, and at the same time interesting to the reader.

In *The Woman of Rome*, Alberto Moravia, Signorina Maraini's husband, felt that realism was impossible; he was writing, he said, not as a Roman prostitute would speak but as she would express herself if she could—in other words, he was translating her feelings into language that at any realistic level was quite beyond her. In *Memorie di una ladra*, though, Signorina Maraini has attempted realism. Her narrative tries to catch what the real-life Teresa, with all her limitations of speech and thought, would in fact have said. This might have produced a documentary novel about life among the poorest and most shiftless, a sort of Latin *Poor Cow*. In fact it produces a long narrative full of documentary-style material that never seems substantiated, and without the kind of detail that would give it the ring of truth. At short-story length Teresa's speech rhythms might be bearable; but at this length the dull, poor language is tedious. Nor does one know if the accounts of prison or orphanage are credible; they read no more persuasively than the rest of the book.

A poet, not just a practitioner

The Oxford Ibsen
Volume 3: *Brand, Peer Gynt*
Edited by James Walter McFarlane.
Translated by James Kirkup and Christopher Fry with others.
515pp. Oxford University Press. £6.50.

Ibsen's reputation outside Scandinavia has always been distorted by the fact that the prose "problem" plays of his middle career have been too dominant in the general picture of his achievement. Shaw, alas, was right when he told Englishmen that it was with the discussion scene in *A Doll's House* that Ibsen "conquered Europe and founded a new school of dramatic art", and Wedekind was right when he said that Ibsen's great fame in Germany depended on the weltanschauung he seemed to offer, not on his genius as a dramatic poet.

Ibsen's world reputation has also been distorted by the fact that most people have had to read his plays in translations where much of the poetic effect is lost, so that both admirers and denigrators have been preoccupied with the paraphrasable "meaning" of his work. Ibsen offered the plays as dramatic literature, but they have been judged most commonly as polemical discourses. On the comparatively few occasions when critics with no Norwegian have drawn attention to stylistic elements of the plays, they have limited the discussion to very broad aspects of theatrical technique: Ibsen, as H. L. Mencken put it, was "a very skilful practitioner of a very exacting and lucrative trade".

Perhaps the saddest moment in twentieth-century criticism is when T. S. Eliot allows one of the participants in his "Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry" to get away with the judgment that Cyril Tourneur is an immeasurably greater poet than Ibsen—whose reputation, we are assured, "will not last as long. For the greatest drama is poetic drama." If Ibsen had written in a major language, this awful mistake would not have been possible; no critic would try to judge the poetic qualities of Racine, or Pushkin, or Brecht, or Lorca (who have resisted English translation as successfully as Ibsen) without studying the man's work at first hand. Eliot had no knowledge of Norwegian, but he was willing to take the versions of William Archer, who in Eliot's opinion "knew nothing about poetry", as adequate equivalents of the originals. The judgment naturally followed that Ibsen was no poet.

The importance of Ibsen for our own stage has led a good many critics to judge the translations as if they were direct contributions to English drama. Archer's versions assumed an authority very rare among translations; people came to speak of them as if they were the actual work of Ibsen, very much as they quoted the Authorised Version of the Bible as if it were the immediate word of God. The Archer texts, actually the work of several hands, were really rather good and they deserved to dominate the English scene until in 1960 *The Oxford Ibsen* began to emerge as the new standard critical edition. This present volume is the seventh to appear of the eight volumes which will complete the enterprise, and for the foreseeable future it will be held in the high esteem previously reserved for Archer. Also by several hands, under the admirable direction of James Walter McFarlane, *The Oxford Ibsen* is a model of correctness, intelligence, and fact; the editorial work is both efficient and imaginative, supplying useful material not generally available in English, and the versions themselves are worthy of respect.

And, yet?—and yet Ibsen was a poet, and poetry is what gets lost in translation. The very virtues of *The Oxford Ibsen* will lead to its being misused as Archer was misused. Englishmen will read McFarlane as Shaw and Eliot read Archer, and the judgments will be attached to the name of Ibsen. On the dustjacket we are offered the proposition, extracted from a review of an earlier volume, that "here is an edition which will . . . make serious Ibsen scholarship possible even for students without a knowledge of the Norwegian language". Professor McFarlane would no doubt wish to dissociate himself from such a simple-minded view of the possibilities of translation, but what is unacceptable when made explicit in these terms may be uncritically taken for granted when the proposition remains implicit. The English schools of several of our universities are now pouring out graduates who have read and judged Ibsen in translation without ever having set eyes on a page of Norwegian (the library of one such university, which turned out 150 Ibsen scholars this year, does not even possess a set of Norwegian texts). The publishers are quite wrong to encourage this complacency. Translations are for the general reader, not for the "serious scholar" or critic, and if we wish to study Ibsen properly we should not pretend that the natural laws of literature apply only to the major languages. Ibsen in English is as satisfactory as Dickens in Italian or Goethe in Russian. It is better than nothing, and when looked after by men of the calibre of Archer or Professor McFarlane it puts us deeply in debt, but it can never be a satisfactory basis for literary judgment.

A minority have been willing to face the consequences of this fact, and it would be interesting to know how many English speakers have learnt Norwegian to read Ibsen, as T. S. Eliot willingly learnt Italian to read Dante. The most famous example, of course, is that of James Joyce, whose early love of Ibsen caused him to learn favourite passages by heart. On one occasion, when his Dublin friends were repeating the attitudes laid down in *The Quintessence of Ibsenism* (where each play is *identified* with its paraphrasable argument), Joyce replied by reciting—in Norwegian—the lyrical poem which introduces Einar and Agnes near the beginning of *Brand*. Joyce's undergraduate knowledge of Ibsen's language was necessarily superficial, but his choice of text was especially apposite, for in the exchange between Einar and Agnes we have the main problem made plain. Here there is no question of the translatable meaning being the only meaning; in fact it is almost irrelevant to the poetic effect. The poem expresses an ethos, an alternative spirit to the harsh rigour of *Brand*, and it does so through its lyrical grace, not through its "argument".

It is an interesting exercise to look at all the various attempts to put this lyric into English, and some similar experiment might be recommended to anyone tempted to set up as a serious Ibsen scholar without troubling himself with Ibsen's words. This is how *The Oxford Ibsen* presents the poem:

EINAR Butterfly, sweet butterfly,
Come and let me catch you!
In the net of songs I made
Come and let me snatch you!

AGNES *(dancing backwards in front of him, always just out of reach)*
If I am a butterfly
Do not try to snatch me.
Let me sip the heather bells,
Chase but do not touch me!

EINAR Butterfly, sweet butterfly,
Now my net's above you!
Soon you will be mine, and
Wings will never save you.

AGNES If I am a butterfly
I will gladly play, sir!
But if you should net my wings,
Keep your hands away, sir!

EINAR O, but I shall hold you
Tenderly, and warm you
Always in my heart, where
None shall ever harm you!

This is a success in that it achieves the translators' primary intention: it is not unrelated to the literal meaning of the original, and it gives some rough indication of the original scansion and rhyme-scheme. But as a romantic lyric, which is what the scene demands, it is very poor stuff; the general hack-lustre tone is relieved only by moments of thick-ankled hurshness · · "snatch", "smutch"—and the enjambements in the third and fifth stanzas (studiously avoided by Ibsen) disrupt what smoothness there might have been in the rhythm. And yet the Oxford version compares favourably with most of the other attempts to render this poem. It is smoother and more idiomatic than the Archer, there is none of the poetaster tricksiness or meaningless babble so co... minor versions, and it avoi... incongruous effects as F. E. G...

Agnes, my beautiful butterfly,
I have woven my net in a ne...
Now quickly, in spite of your f...

You shall perch, fairly nested, ...

This is good comic dogger... scene requires a poem wh... celebrate through its delic... grace the ideals of youth, ... love, and God-given happiness ... would we make of a Shakes... play paraphrased by any of ... professional translators? We ... decide that Cyril Tourneur ... immeasurably the greater poe...

These lyrics are, of course, the ... intractable material for the tra... and for much of the time the ... versions of *Brand* and *Peer Gy...* perfectly serviceable. Students ... ing these plays might be ad... use the Oxford edition as a ... be read together with Archer ... Michael Meyer, whose vers... lively and idiomatic. Only a ... general reader should settle ... one translation, for the diffe... between the various good ... to put Ibsen into English gi... indication of the distance ... each of them and the original.

The preface to the present ... explains the ways in which the ... translators have made their ... tion:

James Kirkup collaborated with ... McFarlane to produce a transl... *Brand* based on a literal transl... the latter: Christopher Fry had ... English version of *Peer Gynt* ... translation by Johan Fillinger. ... McFarlane translated the "epic" ... wrote the Introduction and Appe... and took overall editorial respo...

All four are to be congratula... a job painstakingly done, esp... Christopher Fry, who has rep... very positively to the disci... having to stick closely to a ... *Peer Gynt* may well be remem... as the brightest jewel in his ... crown. Throughout the volume ... texts and apparatus, there is ... thing that intelligence, skill, ... plication can achieve. The ... literature.

The science of imaginary solutions

ALFRED JARRY:
Oeuvres complètes
Volume 1
Edited by Michel Arrivé
1,317pp. Paris: Gallimard. 68fr.

In a better world than this, or in the supplementary world of Doctor Faustroll, Père Ubu would long ago have been established on the syllabus of French Studies, where his lavatorial humour, hypomania and uninhibited sadism would have brought relief to impressionable minds numbed by the formality of *Polyeucte* or *Athalie*. Ubu originated in a classroom and should by rights have found his way back there; schools cannot have become so sophisticated that the guying of a physics master as the cowardly, ventripotent King of Poland has lost its appeal.

Nor is there any serious risk of Alfred Jarry being crushed to death by pedantry; he is an erudite enough writer to disarm rather than rebuff it, and if he can survive, as he does, his unexpected incorporation into the "Bibliothèque de la Pléiade", he can survive anything. Still, with Ionesco having slipped out of *Les Chaises* into a *fauteuil* at the Academy and now Jarry consorting with the notables of the Pléiade, Pataphysics, the irreverent science of the exceptional, must be threatened with normalization. The customary picture of Jarry, as the absinthe-loving aesthetic terrorist of the 1890s and early 1900s, is not one which it would be natural to derive from this first volume of his *Oeuvres complètes*.

The three Ubu-plays are here all right, together with a number of lesser-known and irresistible *Ubuscules*, but these are not easily reconciled with the archly symbolizing author of some of the other pieces in this volume. There was a time, of course, when Jarry was looked on as something of an impostor, who had appropriated in Ubu a character and scenario that were truly the property of a whole group of *lycéens*; and it is a fact that in the list of "livres pairs" impounded by the dismal Panmuphle from the premises of Doctor Faustroll, *Ubu Roi* shares the privilege of the *Odyssey* in having no author's name on it. This is surely not Jarry being arrogant, so it could be his acknowledgment of Ubu's common birth. There is a Homeric anonymity to some of the best lines and situations in *Ubu Roi*, which seem more like folklore than invention, but the further and prolonged exploitation of the character is in many places distinctively Jarry's own.

The two sides of his mind, the burlesque and the committedly symbolist, come weirdly together in such books as the *Gestes et opinions du docteur Faustroll*, also in the first volume of the *Oeuvres* (indeed, apart from *Le Surmâle* and *Messaline*, there is precious little left for the second volume). The good Circassian doctor, born at the advanced but permanent age of sixty-three, is a far more contrived and intellectual grotesque than Ubu, and Jarry works too hard to literalize the oddities of his ways. In the end Faustroll, who is required only intermittently during the record of his feats and opinions, is rescued from whimsy only by his more robust extravagances, such as his foundation of the Order of the Grande Gidouille and his donation to his followers of the new definition of Pataphysics which counts "Le pataphysique est la science des solutions imaginaires, qui accorde symboliquement aux linéaments les propriétés des objets décrits par leur virtualité."

This may not be altogether clear, but the brilliant and nimble paradoxes in which Faustroll sums up his new science are not to be taken as sending up the pseudo-philosophies dear to many symbolists. The "supplementary universe" which is to be explained by Pataphysics is a serious requirement for Jarry, and crops up again in less joky moments as, for example, "la réalité du rêve", which he lays down as the idealist's ideal for any theatrical performance. Thus, linking the knockabout puppetry of Ubu and the frequently tiresome and impenetrable Mallarméanderings of, say, *Les Minutes de sable mémorial*, there is a horror of vulgarity and Naturalism.

Jarry is as savagely elitist, too, as any of his contemporaries and full of fastidious contempt for the slow-witted masses, incapable of grasping such beautiful artefacts as the "précise syntaxe de Mallarmé". It is hard to know how far this exclusivity was genuine and how far a borrowed attitude, but after the notorious première of *Ubu Roi* and what Jarry reasonably felt was the wide misunderstanding of his play, it was intensified. As so often, there is probably a grievance behind his obsessive cleverness. But Jarry is not wholly solemn even in his championship of the intellect, and finds some pleasant privileges to bestow on its devotees; quite the most entertaining of the lesser-known pieces by him in this volume is *Les Jours et les nuits*, subtitled "Roman d'un déserteur", which is a wonderfully sly and occasionally sad account of the national service of a reluctant soldier. The hero is finally invalided out of the army for what Jarry thought best of reasons: that he is too ... cate a spirit to survive there.

The present edition of the *Oeuvres complètes* will surely be definitive and will properly replace the defective René Massat edition of 1948. Michel Arrivé has ... everything imaginable, from ... juvenilia, starting at the age of thirteen, to a flimsy anthology of letters, between 1894 and 1897, ... high point of which is undoubtedly the economico-aesthetic crack ... that the cardboard belly but ... Père Ubu in 1896 cost 6 francs.

M Arrivé is a bellicose but ... pointing editor. His introduction, which he states earlier editors ... most critics of Jarry, might ... appealed to the warlike Ubu ... self but reads badly in so scholarly a setting. Moreover, M Arrivé ... much too keen to prove the ... of Jarry's oeuvre, something ... has been commonly and ... ably doubted; his notes are ... fighting cross-references from ... text to another, and he ... again makes a telling point of ... kind; but most readers will ... zeal mystifying and be glad to ... seeing Jarry as a nicely ... writer, prepared to ... together from odd bits and ... rather than pursuing some ... single-minded purpose. In ... M Arrivé could have been more informative—he is fond of referring to the publications of the Collège 'Pataphysique for help, but this is hard to come by—and less ... Ubu-lovers will want to ... comprehensive edition, but ... still a lot to be said for the ... cheap *Tout Ubu* in the "Livre de Poche".

The meteorology of Shelley's Ode

BY F. H. LUDLAM

...ONTRADICTING views have been expressed about the question whether there is any scientific basis in Shelley's descriptions of natural phenomena. At the one extreme A. N. Whitehead (in *Science and the Modern World*) was sufficiently impressed with Shelley's realism and capacity for scientific ... to say that if he had "been born a hundred years later the twentieth century would have seen a ...tion of Chemistry". On the other ... F. R. Leavis (in *Revaluations*) ...d a "weak grasp upon the ...al" to be an "essential fruit" of ...y, and, referring especially to ... Ode to the West Wind", con...d that "no general satisfaction ...d be obtained from Shelley's ...ry".

...me adverse critics have shown ...understanding either of natural ...omena or of the nature of ...tific inquiry, evidently not appre...g that the aim of both artists ...ntists is to communicate a ...and valuable way of regarding ...phenomena, an enterprise in ... there can be no absolute and ...mal correctness. John ...ley (in his *Percy Bysshe* ...) succeeds in making a more ...ning analysis of the same and ...enes. He warns that the poet ...

...always right as against the critic ...the likelihood that he will be even ...informed as the poet, on not one ...ariety of subjects which the latter ...only has chosen, is virtually nil.

...example, arising in another dis... but which, like the analyses ... "Ode to the West Wind", ...ms a meteorological interpreta... John Constable's criticism of ...ting by Ruisdael, a winter ...glish snow on the ground. Con... interprets the picture as one ...approaching thaw, not only on ...sis of the appearance of the ... also from the recent change ...d shown by the positions of the ...f two windmills, one working ...ing the present wind, and the ...with furled sails, still turned ...direction of the wind which ...d when it was last used.

...that follows the first line and ...ond stanza of the "Ode to the ...Wind" are re-examined, and ...y to the opinions of some ...f these passages are found to ...be a dramatic meteorological ...menon not only with eloquence ...ith an insight which was quite ...ordinary for Shelley's time and ...has hardly been matched ...even in the scientific literature. ...ley wrote that his Ode was ...ired and chiefly written "near ...d of October, 1819,

...od that skirts the Arno, near ...ce, and on a day when that tem...ous wind, whose temperature is at ...ld and animating, was collecting ...pours which pour down the ...ut rains. They began, as I fore...mes with a violent tempest of ...d rain, attended by that magnifi...under and lightning peculiar to ...alpine regions.

...ther which he observed, and ...derstanding of the natural pro... at work in it, inspired the ...stanzas:

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aery surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height—
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: oh, hear!

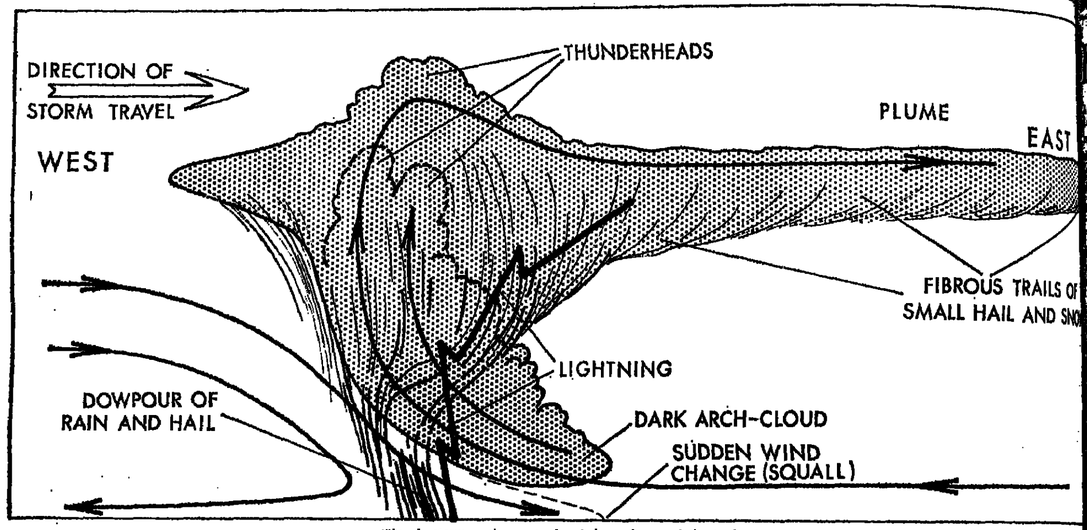
From the last lines of this stanza and from Shelley's remarks it seems clear that "the approaching storm" is a thunderstorm. It is recognized as such by Dr Holloway, who also identifies the "locks" of the storm with the frayed "anvil" of a thundercloud which will be described later. However, in D. King-Hele's *Shelley*, a study written by a professional scientist at about the same time as Dr Holloway's, the same stanza was interpreted as accurately describing two essentially different kinds of clouds, one of which is the familiar forerunner of the great cyclonic storms of temperate latitudes. This view was recently accepted by Roy Fuller (in "The Osmotic Sap", *TLS*, May 14, 1971) as establishing in the poem "truth to nature", apparently because it was advanced by one who could be presumed to speak for science (although he was not a meteorologist). Nevertheless in respect of the nature of the storm and its clouds the interpretation is not correct, and it is instructive to consider the error.

The cyclonic storms which continually form over the North Atlantic and travel into the North and West of Europe occur throughout the year, but during the summer they are mostly not so intense as in winter, and they are confined mainly to paths lying to the North of Britain and leading into or near Scandinavia. Although they often spoil the season in Britain, they hardly disturb the placid, sunny weather which at this time of the year prevails over the Mediterranean Sea and its neighbouring lands.

The first signs of the approach of the typical cyclonic storm are the wispy high cirrus clouds which progressively occupy the sky from the West, individually moving swiftly from the North-West. The leading clouds are often separate tenuous trails of ice crystals, miniature snow showers in the cold upper atmosphere, whose lower parts lag behind their fast-moving tops; seen from one side they appear drawn out in the shape of a comma with a long and nearly horizontal tail. Mr King-Hele provides an illustration of these clouds, which he thinks Shelley sees as the locks of an approaching storm.

Although it would be reasonable to

Thundercloud approaching from the west-south-west.



Thunderstorm on the move: the winds are drawn relative to the storm.

describe such clouds as "locks" it is difficult to understand why they should be "like the bright hair uplifted from the head of some fierce Maenad", because the heart of the cyclonic storm occupies a region too extensive for it ever to be perceived by eye from the ground, regarded as an entity, and likened to some wild being. Moreover, as Mr King-Hele notes, the other clouds in his picture are not of the second kind described in the Ode, those tattered fragments which are likened to "decaying leaves . . . shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean".

This is an important discrepancy, because the low clouds in his illustration, the small "woolpack" or cauliflower-shaped heap clouds (cumulus) which have level bases and domed upper parts, are indeed characteristic of an afternoon sky overland when there is still sunshine but the high cirrus have arrived as the harbingers of the cyclonic storm. They are quite different from the ragged low clouds of bad weather which are discussed in more detail later. Also, at this time, on the outermost fringe of the storm, the wind near the ground is light, and backing towards *south*. As the storm advances the wind freshens, but not until some hours later has it become strong, still from a southerly quarter. The cirrus have by then been succeeded by a lowering pall of thick grey cloud from which rain sets in. Not until still later, just before the rain ceases and the cloud lifts and breaks, does the wind veer into a *westerly* quarter: had Shelley's approaching storm been a cyclonic storm the Ode might have been to the South, but not to the West wind.

Thou breath of Autumn's being . . .
Thou dirge
Of the dying year.

It is precisely in the central part of the Mediterranean that a wild westerly wind is so aptly described as "the breath of Autumn's being". Over Britain and much of the North-West of Europe fresh westerly winds and even gales occur from time to time throughout the summer; in particular the westerlies are even more prevalent in June than in the three preceding months. In contrast, the Mediterranean and the lands around it have more definite winter and summer seasons, in which the character of the weather is strongly influenced according to whether the sea is cooler or warmer than the land. Both sea and land are coolest in February, but the seasonal warming of the land is much more rapid and by day it becomes distinctly warmer than the sea during the period between about May and October.

During this season the rain-belts of the cyclonic depressions passing over the North of Europe generally fail to enter the Mediterranean, and over the sea and the coastal regions the weather there is persistently almost cloudless and rainless. Only in the more mountainous countries, and especially over and near the Pyrenees and the Alps, is the fine weather occasionally interrupted by short-lived thunderstorms, which are provoked by the heat of the intense sunshine and a cooling of the upper atmosphere in the fringes of the cyclones whose centres pass by much farther north.

During the winter, on the other hand, the rainbelts of cyclonic storms frequently enter the Mediterranean and even occasionally reach North Africa. Also, showers and thunderstorms often form over the warm sea when cool air from more northern latitudes intermittently invades the Mediterranean in the rear of cyclonic storms, usually through the gap between the Pyrenees and the Alps. It is a well-known feature of Mediterranean weather that these invasions are usually accompanied by a fall of barometric pressure which is greatest over the Gulf of Genoa, leading to the formation of new cyclones in the lee of the Alps. On their southern flanks the flows of cool air intensify; over and near the Ligurian and northern Tyrrhenian Seas gusty westerly winds often reach gale force, especially near the thundery rainstorms and hail-storms which grow over the sea and are carried some distance inland from windward coasts by both day and night.

The season of disturbed weather in the Mediterranean usually begins at some stage in the month of October with the first pronounced invasion of cool air since the preceding winter. Sometimes it arrives with remarkable abruptness in the latter half of the month, suddenly breaking the prolonged summer tranquillity, and subsequently similar irruptions of cool air and bad weather are liable to recur frequently. They bring intense showers and thunderstorms which drench exposed northern coastal regions with "autumnal rains".

Thus in the region around Florence the description of the "wild West Wind" as the "breath of Autumn's being" is peculiarly appropriate. In no other part of Europe could it be recognized from ordinary experience as so apt. The abrupt awakening of the Mediterranean "from his summer dreams" (the third stanza of the Ode) is part of a phenomenon sufficiently frequent and striking to have been given a special name, "the autumn break". It is not so regular an event that it can reliably be anticipated by a weather forecaster. Nevertheless it is prominent in some climatological statistics. The records for a number of places in and around the Mediterranean show a rather steady and high average level of the barometer during the summer season, a sudden fall on about October 20, and afterwards, and throughout winter, a comparatively irregular trace which implies unsettled weather. In these statistics the fall of the barometer in late October, corresponding to the autumn break, is remarkably large at Genoa, and can still be detected as far away as Gibraltar and, a little later, even at Cairo.

At the time of the autumn break the days are shortening rapidly and the sun sets already at about five o'clock in the afternoon, so that after the long bright days of summer a West wind with dense clouds shadowing the sky and obscuring the sun may well seem to have brought darkness too and the threat of winter, and to be sounding "the dirge of the dying year".

Loose clouds . . .
Shook from the tangled boughs of
Heaven and Ocean.

The second stanza of the Ode begins by likening "loose clouds" to the wind-scattered leaves of the first stanza. These clouds Mr King-Hele correctly identifies as fractostratus (broken layer-cloud), better called fractocumulus (torn cumulus), and still better by their popular name of "scud".

Scud occur in and near the rain areas of cyclones, especially in strong winds, and near the advancing sides of the dense columns of rain and hail which fall from thunderclouds. They almost always lean forward, so that they can readily be imagined to be fleeing from the storm centre, "like ghosts from an enchanter". Their texture is ragged, with clear spaces between irregular strands, so that they have a skeletal or ghostly appearance, and they tend to cluster, rather like wind-driven dead leaves, which also are withered, crumpled and torn. The "loose" or frayed structure of scud makes them quite different from their fair-weather counterparts, the compact and domed cumulus. In the shadow of the more massive or extensive storm clouds the scud appear dark and sinister, whereas in the mind's eye the cumulus are clouds of tranquil afternoons, brightly lit by sunshine.

The concept of the incessant circulation of water between the earth and the sky, now so familiar, had barely been formulated in Shelley's time, but that he understood it well is clear from his writing. It appears, for example, in "The Cloud":

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean
and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

Evidently the scud which Shelley sees driven by the West wind are clouds running beside thunderstorms, which can be seen discharging water into the sea but which themselves are composed of water evaporated from the sea. These opposing streams of liquid and of vapour, partly condensed into cloud, are "the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean". In technical language they would now commonly be called "branches of the circulation of atmospheric water".

It is the mountainous thunderheads and the lesser but towering cumulus elsewhere in the sky whose tall flanks prompt the description of the sky as "steep", and whose boiling outlines combined with the presence of the rain shafts and the fleeing scud give the true impression of the atmosphere in "commotion". Not only is the air stream rushing with "skiey speed" across the sea and inland as a wild wind, which sets the wood ringing with its tempestuous strength, but it has within it the upheaval of the powerful ascending currents which swell the growing thunderclouds, and the descending cataracts of rain-chilled air which strike the sea and whip across it in blustery squalls. The atmosphere is in an uproar, but only superficially in chaotic disarray: to the perceptive mind the commotion becomes the interplay of tremendous organized forces, the sky and the tumult the expression of the "mighty harmonies" of the West wind.

The locks of the approaching storm. . . .

The barometric depression accompanying the storm which causes the autumn break does not travel from the Atlantic, but forms in the Gulf of Genoa, and the weather in the storm is not like that experienced during the passage of the middle-latitude cyclones. In particular the rains are not the prolonged, rather steady rains which fall from the widespread cloud sheets of these cyclones, but the more local downpours of scattered thunderstorms. The locks of the kind of storm which Shelley sees approaching are not the tenuous curl clouds of the edges of the cyclonic storm; they represent the equally high but denser plume of fibrous cloud which reaches far ahead of the towering cloud columns at the heart of a thunderstorm.

This plume consists of cloud particles too small to reach the ground as rain or hail; they remain suspended in the air which ascends in the storm and which on reaching into the high atmosphere (several miles above the ground) spreads outwards and forwards (see figure). The plume is especially well developed in the more severe kind of thunderstorm which characteristically travels across a great tract of land or sea at a regular speed of some thirty or forty knots. It extends up to some 100 miles in front of the storm, and so when it reaches into the zenith it is a warning of the arrival of the storm an hour or two later. When the observer looks westwards before sunset, and the fringes of the plume are lit golden in the rays of the sinking sun, it is apparently "uplifted" from the menacing thunderheads just discernible above a horizon dimmed with the spume of breaking waves. It is much more like the bright hair of some "fierce Maenad" than the delicate tresses of the curl clouds, as can be seen in the photo on the previous page.

Congregated might of vapours.

On the closer approach of thunderheads, with their cauliflower towers, the neighbouring parts of the plume begin to cover over completely the previously clear and blue sky. The skyline "vaulted over" by the outstanding arches formed by adjoining towers. There is little time to wait: "congregated might" of the heavy craggy thunderheads before the advancing inky bases hasten the darkness of night, leaving the illusion of an atmosphere filled with substantial and opaque clouds that seem "solid".

"Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst", writes Shelley, and so when the downpour of rain and hail finally arrives it is flung forth in a *burst* by the storm wind, which has to gale force in a succession of fierce gusts. The first drops come not invisibly out of the night, but as the face or spattering direct impanes: "black rain", accompanied by the intermittent blinding flash of lightning and blasts of stinging "hail".

* * *

As a concise statement of the nature and of the travelling of a storm, one of Nature's most complicated and still imperfectly understood phenomena, Shelley's description is unrivalled in English literature, even, until very recently, in scientific accounts. By comparison with Howard's, published widely at the same time, was rather stiff and caused some confusion among meteorologists. He called the thundercloud "cumulostratus", known as "cumulonimbus" today, that when cumulus grows past a layer of cirrus frequently spreads around the summit, which then becomes denser and spreads out. A large cloud is formed which he compared to a mushroom with a thick short stem. However, in a calm weather is this cap symmetrical, generally it spreads mainly to one side (in temperate latitudes towards the stem) to form the plume described above.

Shelley's verse has an immediate appeal, even to the reader who is not an expert student of the weather, for it is not only because of the way in which it is used to develop the theme of the Ode but because it is based on an acute awareness of the nature of the scene before him and of its relation to a dramatic change, an even grander scale—the sudden onset of the Mediterranean autumn, a phenomenon even more remarkable, still less explicable by meteorological texts.

F. H. Ludlam is Professor of Meteorology, Imperial College, University of London.

Firm friends

JACQUES COPEAU and ROGER MARTIN DU GARD:
Correspondance
Edited by Claude Sicard
Volume 1: 1913-28. 453pp.
Volume 2: 1929-49. pp473-915.
Paris: Gallimard. 100fr the set.

Of all the major French novelists of this century, Roger Martin du Gard was the one most concerned about his posthumous reputation. Believing, as he did, that death would bring total oblivion to himself, he looked for vicarious survival to his literary heirs and spent his last years classifying the vast cache of documents he had left unpublished in his archive, in particular his journal and the rich crop of letters he had exchanged with Gide and with Jacques Copeau. Now that both sets of letters have been published—the latter in an exemplary critical edition prepared by Claude Sicard—one can say with a real conviction that Martin du Gard's solicitude has already been fully justified: in the now almost forgotten art of letter-writing, he will count, and will surely continue to stand, as a practitioner of rare perfection.

The Martin du Gard-Copeau correspondence will henceforth be included reading for any serious student of modern French drama. It includes a particularly well documented background to the spectacular rise and fall of the Vieux-Colombier theatre venture, from the legendary first productions which entranced Paris audiences on the eve of the First World War, through the traumatic conflicts of the American season in 1917, to the scattered defections of all the leading figures on their return to Paris. It chronicles Copeau's repeated attempts to rebuild around the fresh company of loyal young men first with "l'Ecole du Vieux-Colombier" then with "les Copiaux". It demonstrates for the first time the quite remarkable extent of Martin du Gard's commitment to the theatre after completing *Jean Barois* and here the most surprising revelation is not so much the number of hitherto unmentioned projects he completed and then discarded, as the fact that he once appeared on stage in Manchester in a play which had Copeau as its director and Georges Duhamel as its hero.

As in the correspondence with Gide, Martin du Gard's letters to Copeau are written in a prose much more vigorous and colourful than in any of his published fiction. Also very much in evidence are his well-known gifts for character analysis and meticulous observation. In this respect there is nothing more striking than his description of Copeau's seizure in 1941, the first brutal manifestation of the illness that was finally to destroy him eight years later: it is as graphic in its clinical precision as any of the much-praised scenes in *La Mort du père*.

Greatly though he valued Gide's literary judgment and perennially intrigued though he remained by his private behaviour, Martin du Gard could never wholly trust him to keep a confidence. As a consequence, his letters to him, though often highly informative about their various literary aspirations, are for the most part nicely calculated exercises in diplomacy, the innermost secrets never being quite revealed. With Copeau, at least in the early years, Martin du Gard felt no such inhibitions. At the very outset, when they were both in their thirties, their relationship was as lyrical as that between the fiercely idealistic schoolboys in *Le Cahier gris*, and the real fascination of the letters is the spectacle of two sensitive and highly articulate intellectuals willing their relationship to survive once they came to recognize their differences in temperament and outlook.

These differences were considerable: Martin du Gard was an implacable rationalist throughout his life while Copeau was something of a mystic even before he became a fervent Catholic convert; Martin du Gard had an almost pathological love of seclusion while Copeau, as actor, producer and impresario, positively craved public attention: for most of his career Martin du Gard dedicated himself single-mindedly to the novel while for Copeau the theatre was the only art-form which really counted. His obsessive dedication to his high ideal of it was as destructive of his own health and peace of mind as it was of human relationships, and that, in spite of occasional clashes, he should have remained on close terms with Martin du Gard for nearly forty years, suggests that the compulsions of friendship are as powerful and unfathomable as those of love.

Anarchic apocalypse

LOUIS-FERDINAND CÉLINE:
Rigadoon
Translated by Ralph Manheim.
London: Bodley Head. £3.

It is not done to think highly of books which Céline wrote after his *Voyage au bout de la nuit* and *Mort à crédit* are all right, for the early 1930s, when they appeared, Céline was mistaken for one of the left and they contained the odd line or two that was anti-semitic. Other early publications, and especially the play *Bagatelles pour un massacre* and other frantic pamphlets in which the Jews were prominent but not means the only targets of his spite, things were not the same. It has become routine to claim that after the war, and his return to Paris, Céline was little better than a fretful, repetitious egomaniac, with no fresh grievances to exploit and no bourgeois civilization to reject.

This is true of some of what he published between 1951 and his death, but it is far from true of the bulk of books he made from his exile in Denmark and Germany, of the trilogy of 1944-45, *D'Un château l'autre* and *Nord* (now translated as *North*) and the posthumous *Rigadon* (reviewed in the *TLS* on April 24, 1969). In 1944 Céline ducked prudently out of Paris and took shelter in Germany, first near Berlin and then in Sigmaringen, with the Vichy leaders. *North* is certainly the most varied and picturesque volume of the three and is concerned with the passage to Pomerania and their *résidence surveillée* there of Céline, his wife, his cat and his friend, the film-actor Le Vigan. It does not record the convulsions of the Reich in collapse but recreates them, for Céline did not need to witness disorder in order to write of disorder. There are some incomparable episodes in *North*, most of them involving the weird family of aristocrats who were the local landowners; they are as warped and striking as anything in the *Voyage*, and the scenes they create of a quite memorable anarchy.

The style of *North* is Céline at his most contrivedly breathless and emphatic, with the celebrated *points de suspension* working flat out to match the syntax to the apocalypse itself. Ralph Manheim, who has already translated *D'Un château l'autre* into English, has coped as well with *North* as one could hope for; some of the vitality has gone but enough remains to make this a worthy English version. Mr Manheim has also provided a glossary of some of Céline's allusions and a chronology of his life: this is too compressed and gets the titles of two of his books wrong.

Smart and clever

S. N. BEHRMAN:
Tribulations and Laughter
338pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3.25.

A good many years ago, S. N. Behrman wrote in *The Worcester Account* a memorable volume of autobiography. It carried him through hard times in Massachusetts and left him on the threshold of a playwright's career. That was in 1954. Now he has combed through the journals of a lifetime and extracted from them, not exactly a memoir, but a set of memories about people.

Mr Behrman's friends—and there are a great many of them—know him to be the most elusive of men, striped in as many colours as a Neapolitan ice. But the proto-Behrman can clearly be perceived: a little Jewish boy from Worcester, Massachusetts, still surprised by his own successes: a little boy knowing himself to be melancholy under all the fun, astonished at being seventy years old, and clinging perhaps a little too tightly to recollections of all the wonderful, clever people who have bejewelled his past.

Of some he has written already. His books on Duveen and Max Beerbohm are classic displays of grace and perception. But there are other faces as well, ranging from Siegfried Sassoon to George Gershwin, from Garbo and the Lunts to Osbert Sitwell and Somerset Maugham, whose biography he once toyed with the idea of writing.

"Toyed with" is an appropriate phrase, for Mr Behrman is catlike. He writes stealthily, using a velvet paw, but not disdainful of the claw beneath. He is an anecdotist, using his anecdote as a means of creeping up on the victim before dispatching him with what is often a happy knock-out stroke—for in his case the laughter easily outweighs the tribulation. And yet melancholy persists. All these grand, important people, these stars turning about him so confidently, did they really think him their equal, he seems to wonder? Did he ever quite outgrow the hesitations of a Jewish kid from Poland, faced with the alien staunchness of New England?

He is at his best writing of Hollywood in the great days, of once-famous railway trains like the Century, of Broadway thirty-five years ago. About himself he is modest, generously attributing to the distinguished players who played in his comedies and loved them, much of the success due to himself. He hob-nobbed with Berenson, the Bibescos, Enid Bagnold—showing at times an excessive deference to the smart and the clever in Europe. But he never forgot, in the excitement of it all, that he was above everything a professional: a quick wit who could turn out the stuff when needed, if at times with the agony of a sensitive spirit which would have preferred reincarnation at the court of Weimar or St Petersburg to vivid memories of Worcester and an inborn sense of the Pale.

The self-portrait which emerges is subtle and sharply drawn. Talent and a winning personality are not often so closely allied.

Roaming with the Rom

JAN YOORS:
Crossing
224pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.75.

When he was a boy of twelve Jan Yoors lived the dream which many children cherish. He ran away to join the Gypsies who had set up camp overnight on the outskirts of the Flemish town in which his parents were then living. For the next six years, thanks to their remarkable understanding and tolerance, he was to spend the better half of every year wandering with the Rom, those Gypsies who are purely nomadic as distinct from the many tribes who have settled in specific areas. He was adopted into a family of the Lowara tribe and, by the time war broke out, the child who had grown up speaking Spanish, French, German and Flemish had added Romansh to his repertoire.

At the same time he had acquired a divided allegiance. He was unwilling to commit himself totally to the world of the Rom by marrying the Lowara girl whom his adopted father had chosen for him, but whenever he was long away from it he felt a tug at his heart. When the Germans invaded France he decided to turn from the Rom and serve with the Free French as his "pénance for having known too much happiness".

In the event the service was to be with the Resistance. He was enrolled as liaison officer with the Rom, who, from holding themselves aloof from a struggle which they regarded as none of their concern, were now drawn into it, raiding distribution centres to obtain ration cards for members of the Resistance on the run, smuggling fugitives out of the country and arms into it, finally themselves joining maquis groups. The betrayals, the arrests, and the destruction which had their place in that evolution were not unique to the story of the Resistance, which was not all glory. Mr Yoors recreates the atmosphere of the period—a trifling detail only, the Paris hotel which was the Gestapo headquarters was not, as he has it, the Lédida, but the Lutétia, now much frequented by American tourists happily unaware of the tales its walls could tell—and he does not shirk the foreseeable if painful truth that, once the Rom had served their purpose, the undertakings made to them were found to be impossible to fulfil. But he is even better at depicting the life of a wandering people whose instinctive wisdom makes certain aspects of civilization look shoddy, and who, little as it is known or remembered today, were as much a target for the insanity of Nazi racial theories as the Jews themselves, even if the numbers involved were smaller—it is estimated that between 500,000 and 600,000 of them were exterminated.

Anti-Fabian

ST JOHN ERVINE:
Bernard Shaw
His Life, Work and Friends
628pp. Constable. £4.50.

When the late St John Ervine's life of Shaw was first published in 1956, the *TLS* reviewer found it "solid and vigorous". The vigour remains, but the solidity has somewhat diminished; and even the vigour seems a less certain virtue. Ervine had two important qualifications as Shaw's biographer: he had known his subject, and he was an Irishman. But he also had one serious limitation.

He was politically a conservative, and he found Fabians and Fabianism repulsive; and he said so, in a variety of ways, in his book. His account of Shaw is therefore thorough and informed, but it is also biased and personal. It is a valuable part of the Shavian record, and no future biographer will be able to do without it; but it is not the definitive life. It will eventually be superseded by a biography making use of the copious materials that have appeared since Ervine wrote—most importantly the volumes of the *Collected Letters*—and written with greater objectivity. But in the meantime it is the most readable and fullest life of Shaw available, and the most nearly worthy of its subject.

The present re-issue is identical with the 1956 edition, except that the fourteen pages of illustrations have been removed and the price has been nearly doubled. Still, pound for pound, it is good value.

Why was Father Kelly so neglected?

JOHN KENYON:
The Popish Plot
300pp. Heinemann. £3.75.

English history is always changing, but nowhere during the past fifty years or so has the change been as thorough as when it has dealt with the period from 1675 to 1725. First, Namier caused the familiar figures of Whig and Tory apparently to crumble in one's hand. Then directly after this Sir Herbert Butterfield taught us to think of the Whig interpretation of history. And yet this period has remained extremely significant. We may have abandoned the "1688 and All That" attitude towards it. But we are more and more conscious that it marked a very strange kind of revolution. To quote J. H. Plumb, who has done more than anyone else to create a new understanding of this period: "There was a tradition of conspiracy, riot, plot and revolt among the ruling class that stretched back to the Normans. By 1688, violence in politics was an Englishman's birthright." And yet within a few years we enter on the long period of our history, in which we are still living, when for generation after generation violence was to be almost unknown—at least compared with most other countries in Europe. Politics, not all at once, seemed to become deflated.

At the beginning of this fifty years of change, or perhaps it would be better to say, at the end of the age that was so mysteriously passing, came the Popish Plot, one of the most horrible and shaming episodes in English history. It certainly needed to be examined again. Those who know John Kenyon's other works on the Stuarts have eagerly awaited the appearance of this one. They will not be disappointed. It is very readable; the extraordinary complications of the story are most skilfully handled; there is an air of authority about the necessary historical background.

It is time that such a book was written. It is now nearly seventy years since the last major work on the subject—John Pollock's book with the same title. The contrasts are interesting. Pollock said that, when he undertook the study of the plot, Acton wrote to him: "There are three quite unravelled mysteries:—what was going on between Coleman and Père la Chaize; how Oates got hold of the wrong story; and who killed Godfrey." "The following book", he added, "is an attempt to answer these questions." Professor Kenyon's book shows evidence of the new expertise in dealing with problems of detection developed since Pollock's day by innumerable followers of Conan Doyle, and, in fact, a work by one of them, John Dickson Carr, entitled *The Murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey*, is allowed an appreciative comment in a footnote.

But it is significant that the study of the third of Acton's mysteries is relegated to an appendix. What Professor Kenyon does so successfully is to set his clear narrative of the plot in its historical setting. It is fascinating to consider who killed Sir Godfrey: it is even more fascinating to consider why England seemed to go mad.

Nothing in the book is more valuable than the passage near the beginning on the position of Roman Catholicism in Europe at that time: "Protestantism had been driven out to the periphery of Europe, where it was precariously lodged in North Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, England and Scotland; all with the exception of Holland, poor, thinly populated, second-class nations." It is not the way the Englishman is likely to see the situation, as he looks forward to the days of Marlborough's victories and Voltaire writing his *Letters Concerning the English Nation*. We may recall communism surviving only in the Soviet Union, forty years ago, and remember how men showed the nervousness of those who feel themselves on the defensive.

Professor Kenyon does not account for the Popish Plot, however. It remains a mystery. By emphasizing certain points usually neglected, he makes it all the stranger. As he shows, there was nothing new about the hysteria of the Plot: it was only an extreme manifestation. As an example of what was possible in the days before the Plot—and it is by no means untypical—we might take this title of a newsletter published in London in 1645: "A True and wonderfull Relation of a Whale, pursued in the Sea, and incountered by multitudes of other Fishes, as it was certified by divers Mariners of Weymouth, who coming from France in the good Ship called the Bonaventure, did shoote the said Whale, which making to Land did strike upon the Shore, within three miles of Weymouth, where being opened there was found in the belly of it a Romish Priest, with Pardons for divers Papists in England and Ireland, whose names are here inserted." But this kind of thing has to be set against the background which he describes, of a quite remarkable tolerance of the Roman Catholics in the rural parts of England.

Macaulay in a charming passage pictured the country gentleman of the old faith during the seventeenth century: "Excluded, when a boy, from Eton and Westminster, when a youth, from Oxford and Cambridge, when a man, from Parliament and from the bench of justice, he generally vegetated as quietly as the elms of the avenue which led to his ancestral grange." Pollock had it that "in no part of the country was persecution more bitter than in Yorkshire". Professor Kenyon gives an entirely different picture of what happened at this time in that county and his account is undoubtedly the true one. Macaulay was in agreement about Yorkshire, saying: "The Roman Catholic country gentleman . . . carted his hay or filled his bag with game unmolested, while Coleman and Langhorne, Whitbread and Pickering, Archbishop Plunkett and Lord Stafford, died by the halter and the axe." Perhaps here we may see the foundations being laid of that silent revolution which turned England in the fifty years after the horrors of the Popish Plot into the country of Voltaire was to say: "An honest man, as one to whom [illegible] natural, may go to heaven [illegible] way."

Naturally not every one [illegible] with all Professor Kenyon's [illegible] ments or with the particular [illegible] he places on various incidents [illegible] all, the Popish Plot has [illegible] material for a superb [illegible] story. Perhaps one [illegible] may be raised (it is [illegible] to the liveliness of the [illegible] that such questions seem to [illegible] an answer). What part in the [illegible] of Sir Edmund Godfrey was [illegible] by Father Kelly? Prance, [illegible] circumstantial account of [illegible] said that, as Godfrey came [illegible] court of Somerset House [illegible] by Hill, two men, Berry and [illegible] man whose name he did not [illegible] were waiting for him. Godfrey had followed Godfrey into the [illegible] actually strangled him. They [illegible] along with Father Gerald, who [illegible] the instigator of the murder [illegible] and Prance himself carried [illegible] in a sedan chair to the Green [illegible] in Soho where it was taken [illegible] Hill, Green and Gerald [illegible] ally deposited at the foot of [illegible] Hill. It was Green who [illegible] nation the next day said that [illegible] man was Father Kelly. At [illegible] the Irishman seems to disagree [illegible] the story. (Professor Kenyon [illegible] refers to him.) And yet there [illegible] piece of evidence that is [illegible] forgotten. A contemporary [illegible] one of several, shows Godfrey [illegible] strangled and his body [illegible] away in the sedan chair. [illegible] is inscribed, "GWYNE [illegible] HU: BURY." Why was Father [illegible] so neglected?

In line ahead

J. R. POWELL:
Robert Blake: General-at-Sea
352pp. Collins. £5.

Sir Henry Newbolt called Robert Blake one of "the kings of the sea" but his name is probably less familiar than that of other British admirals because until now no first-class biography of him existed. J. R. Powell who, after a life of service in the Church of England, has devoted many years to scholarly work on naval history, including editing a volume of documents about the navy and the Civil War and writing a useful study of the same subject, has at last completed this biography which he always wanted to write. It need hardly be said that his fairness, impartiality and familiarity with the naval tactics of the period make it a valuable work.

Two things emerge about Blake as a naval officer. The first is that he contributed to the evolution of the idea of fighting in line ahead, particularly since the broadside had made the old tactic of line abreast obsolete. But this tactic evolved slowly because it was distasteful to the old captains. Mr Powell tells us that they were unable to grasp the new fighting instructions and that Monck, after Blake's death, "wisely reverted to the old method of fighting in groups, led by the Admiral". Second, Blake was one of the first admirals to have the boldness to attack shore batteries directly with naval artillery. This contest has had its ups-and-downs throughout naval history until the first half of the present century. Blake successfully attacked shore batteries both at Porto Farina belonging to the Bey of Tunis and later at Tenerife.

Blake, who was born a year before Cromwell, first distinguished himself on the Parliamentarian side in defending the town of Taunton in his native Somerset against Royalist attacks. After the execution of Charles I, he forced Prince Rupert with the remnants of the Royalist navy to leave his shelter in Portugal, he took part in the captures of the Scilles and of Jersey, he distinguished himself in the first Anglo-Dutch war and afterwards in the war against Spain. What is so remarkable about his achievements was that he carried them out with sailors who were constantly discontented because of lack of pay and inadequate food and drink, and who were tempted to rebel by the Leveller propaganda which was facilitated by one of the vice-admirals, John Lawson, being himself a convinced Leveller. Blake did his utmost to get their grievances remedied and somehow created a navy "not merely of ships, but of men". How he managed to recruit good crews and to avert mutinies is remarkable.

The unselfishness and devotion of Blake to the Commonwealth was outstanding. The same could not be said of other Commonwealth admirals, some of whom were inefficient and others self-interested. For example, Blake obviously had limited admiration for Sir Richard Stayner, whose success in capturing a Spanish treasure fleet was grossly exaggerated and whose aim was always to fill his own pockets.

Although Blake was a Member of Parliament for Bridgwater, he was not a politician. Mr Powell suggests that he may have been opposed to the execution of Charles I, though this, as he admits, is sheer conjecture. The idea that, because he was an adamant republican, Blake was critical of Cromwell has long been abandoned. They remained on terms of friendship and mutual respect and died within a year or so of each other. Both of them laid emphasis on the strategic importance of Gibraltar, which they would have liked to seize, and realized the wisdom of treating the Portuguese tactfully since Lisbon was a valuable base in the war against Spain.

It seems a pity that the maps, particularly that of the English Channel, are so small and omit some place-names referred to in the text. The index also contains insufficient references to places. A glossary of naval terms would have been useful because, though they are no doubt familiar to yachtsmen, they may cause difficulty to ordinary readers of this excellent book.

Shot by shot

DUDLEY POPE:
The Great Gamble
579pp. Weidenfeld. and Nicolson. £4.80.

A distinguished historian, commissioned to write a history of a campaign, set about his task in methodical fashion. He opened files on all the major events and collected details of individual actions from all available sources. Many of the smaller, and perhaps marginal, aspects of the campaign which might or might not prove significant in the final assessment were brought together in a file which he labelled "Penumbra". This particular file grew to such enormous proportions that it completely swamped the story of the campaign and the historian concerned threw up his hands in horror and resigned from the task.

Dudley Pope, too, has collected penumbra for his study of the battle of Copenhagen and has used it to the full. This sheer weight of facts about this battle and its surrounding history which he has collected is overwhelming, so much so that in his 530 pages of text he does not get down to the battle until page 361. In the meantime we have learnt the intimate details of a great many officers and seamen of both sides, including their addresses, the names of their wives, and the number and ages of their children. We have learnt that one of the Danish conscripts for the battle lived at Longangstraede 271 and sold umbrellas for a living. And we have had, yet again, the saga of Nelson's break with his wife and his liaison with Lady Hamilton. And there are so many other details that the mind boggles at the research which went into this vast book.

Mr Pope can certainly claim that no one before him has studied this battle in such depth as he has. But the final result is an account swamped with trivialities and ephemera; the reader is dragged along scores of backwaters which lead nowhere. Nelson's great battle comes almost as an aftermath, and it too is cluttered with details of how many shot each ship fired, who was killed or wounded and when. This is certainly a stupendous work, reflecting the most painstaking research. But one could wish that that file of penumbra had been used more sparingly and selectively before Mr Pope put pen to paper.

Buying grace

JOEL T. ROSENTHAL:
The Purchase of Paradise
The Social Function of Aristocratic Benevolence. 1307-1485.
169pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.75.

The subtitle of this book is important. For this is essentially a "social", not a political study. The record of aristocratic benefaction runs across the boundaries of political groupings. Thus the reader can forget about Lancaster and York. This is refreshing. The aristocracy is here taken for convenience to exclude the members of the blood royal and those sons of aristocratic families who went into the Church; no sign of Archbishops Courtenay or Arundel. Instead there are the members of the families of lay aristocrats who were represented on more than one occasion in Parliament in the Lords. They varied in number, we are told, between thirty-five and seventy persons at any one time.

This restriction certainly makes the subject manageable. But it does have real defects. In the first place we need to be sure of those who have been included. Unfortunately it is not always easy to identify exactly those referred to in the text. Who, for example, was Thomas FitzAlan who asked to be buried in "Edesedon" church? At first sight this might seem to be a reference to Thomas FitzAlan, Earl of Arundel, who died in 1425. The reader turns hopefully to the index. But there all references to FitzAlans in the text are grouped togeither under "Arundel family". Pursuit of the reference in the footnote reveals that this was Sir Thomas Arundell, knight, who died in 1494-5 and was the son of Sir John Arundell of Lanherne, in Cornwall, and no relation of the earls of Arundel at all. A member of the Arundell family had been summoned to the Commons earlier in the fifteenth century and another was to be raised to the rank of baron in the reign of James I. But none was summoned to the [illegible] between 1307 and 1485.

Or take another entry. [illegible] told that "Countess [illegible] Arundell, when buried [illegible] FitzAlan college at Arundel [illegible] £40 for her soul, and two [illegible]". The footnote reference, when [illegible] up, shows that this legacy was [illegible] by John, Earl of Arundel [illegible] Maltravers, who died in 1[illegible] was a Countess Joan, and [illegible] Kingmaker, who married [illegible] Earl of Arundel, which [illegible] entry the more misleading [illegible] second place, if we assume [illegible] total figures are roughly [illegible] the sample is further divided [illegible] sake of the argument, [illegible] percentages and figures [illegible] times so small that [illegible] wondering about the [illegible] some of the generalizations [illegible] they give rise.

The main contribution [illegible] Joel T. Rosenthal surveys [illegible] ers for the dead, chantries [illegible] foundations, endowments [illegible] churches (a "burial chantry" [illegible] church in which a benefactor [illegible] to be buried), and [illegible] philanthropy. The contrast [illegible] undramatic, though no less [illegible] ing for that. The late [illegible] parliamentary aristocracy [illegible] to have been essentially [illegible] in its attitudes to giving [illegible] general framework [illegible] sions of lesser scope [illegible] strated. The popularity of [illegible] was maintained. The [illegible] gained at the expense of [illegible] lars. Alienations in [illegible] off in the course of the [illegible] century. The section on [illegible] would have gained if [illegible] tural placing could have [illegible] sidered. As for the conscience [illegible] the aristocratic donors, [illegible] well with what is known [illegible] chivalric and pietistic [illegible] through the "[illegible]" across the [illegible] surprise came when a [illegible] aristocracy less [illegible] vatism in the [illegible] Reformation. But [illegible] of that here. There [illegible] too many slips for [illegible]

Keep a hold of nurse

NATHAN GATHORNE-HARDY:
The Rise and Fall of the British Nanny
[illegible]pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £3.95.

Nannies are not only British, of course, though the British variety has become archetypal. Indeed, they are not only human. Elephant mothers in the wild often have elephant babies. Mouse mothers in the laboratory have been provided with nannies. As *The Times* reported (January 7, 1969), Dr Denenberg of Purdue University, Indiana, arranged for suckling mice should be brought (outside feeding times) by spinster mice who built nests for them, adopted over them, and retrieved them if they wandered away. Like the young animals exposed to stresses in infancy, they fared better than their more pampered contemporaries to stresses later life. In new but safe situations they secreted less corticosterone which gears the body to intense activity). In really threatening situations they secreted more. In fact they did not easily panic. It makes one wonder how much the famous *stiff upper lip* of the English upper classes derived from the years of life under nanny rule.

Nathan Gathorne-Hardy's interesting study tends to confirm this idea. He observes plenty of such cases (though not the agonizing pain experienced by older children who felt too long in this ambience). Bizarre and extreme strains produced by a few cruel nannies are not the strain inherent in learning almost obsessional rituals common to them all, and, underlying everything else, the essential strain of living in two worlds, upstairs and downstairs. J. M. S. Tompkins once suggested that Kipling's vivid perceptions of England and of India were the sharper because he could not take these scenes for granted, since he belonged partly to both and wholly to neither. Were the susceptibilities of crops of lesser novelists enhanced by the experience of constant contrast between nursery and drawing-room? Mr Gathorne-Hardy shrewdly ascribes much of the traditional British shyness to the nanny system, which meant that a child could never be quite sure of how people were going to react. It may well also have added to the difficulty of learning foreign languages, since mother-tongue and nanny-tongue differed. Mummy said *What?* and Nanny said *Pardon?*, Nanny said *costume* and Mummy said *coat and skirt*, and neither liked you to use the other's idiom. In facing a new language it was perhaps safest to be dumb.

At times Mr Gathorne-Hardy generalizes too much—an understandable temptation. Thus, what was true of the stately-home nanny did not always apply to the status-symbol nanny of the rising industrialists, or to the nanny of the professional classes, who did not opt out of "the care and company of their small children" as much as he supposes. The wife of the prolific historian, Harris Nicolas, wrote in the 1830s that "'mischief' among nurses is only another word for any activity of mind they find troublesome", that "a negligent or passionate servant" must injure a child's feelings, and that "a cheerful . . . intelligent nurse will render any child good tempered and sensible". She obviously chose her nurses with discrimination and supervised them afterwards. Many Victorian domestic novels imply that this was usual.

Again, in the complex pecking order of English society, it is misleading to call nannies "lower class". They tended to come of NCO rather than other ranks stock.

But these are minor points. By and large this is a most fascinating, wide-ranging and sympathetic book, bubbling with side-issues—such as the effect of kibbutzim on children and the possibility that most nanny-trained boys were sexually attracted to "lower-class girls", treating "upper-class" ones as *princesses lointaines* like Mummy. Here are nanny saints like Lord Shaftesbury's Maria Millis, and Churchill's Everest, nanny devils like Curzon's Miss Paraman, and hosts of ordinary daily-bread nannies remembered by their charges with lifelong love. Nanny snobbery is entertainingly examined, as are the power struggles between nannies and mothers, governesses and cooks (though, oddly enough, Angela Thirkell's penetrating sketches of domestic politics go unquoted).

It should be a treasure-house for social historians, anthropologists concerned with interacting culture patterns, and students of oral traditions. There are plenty of these in the body of the book, though the appendix on nanny sayings is all too short. It omits "come on, skin-a-rabbit", said when taking off a jersey over a child's head; "if ifs and ans were pots and pans there'd be no work for tinkers' hands"; and "you'll drive me mad with all your whys and wherefores".

Infirm of purpose

EDNA ROBERTSON:
The Yorkhill Story
The History of The Royal Hospital for Sick Children, Glasgow
203pp. Glasgow University Press. £1.60.

In 1861 conditions in the slums of Glasgow, a city of 400,000 people with a population density of, in places, almost 200 persons an acre, were little different from what had moved Edwin Chadwick to say, twenty years earlier, that he had never seen such misery in any other British city. Many families still drew their water from contaminated wells, although there was a wholesome supply available, brought from Loch Katrine in 1857, but at a cost of five shillings for a household. Faulty drains, lack of ventilation and gross overcrowding, with festering rubbish heaps in the narrow streets and courts, had made Glasgow a prey to epidemics of cholera and other diseases from 1816 onwards. The effect on young children was horrifying: crippling bone diseases and disfiguring skin diseases were commonplace in the slums. There was a general death rate of 1 to 33 of the population; children under five years of age accounted for more than half of these deaths.

It was against this background that a group of citizens brought forward the suggestion of building a hospital for sick children. There were immediate objections to the proposal from the staff and directors of the Royal Infirmary, who claimed that their hospital could deal with the sick children of Glasgow: had they not just bought twelve new cribs for this purpose? They also feared that a children's hospital would channel off some of the charity hitherto received by the Infirmary itself. Norman Macleod, the well-known and influential preacher, was among those in favour of the proposal, and the plan to build the hospital finally took shape. But although the battle with the Royal Infirmary was won, more difficulties developed with the Senate of the University, and it was not until 1883 that the new hospital for sick children, with 58 cots, was finally opened.

Edna Robertson gives a lively and interesting account of the development of the hospital up to the present time. A dispensary for out-patients was opened in 1889 with funds raised at a highly original and successful "Fancy Fair" in 1884. A free supply of water was supplied by the Corporation and there was an elaborate system of internal speaking tubes, by means of which the matron could communicate with all the departments of the hospital from her own bedroom or office. In 1965 it was feared that the whole building might collapse and all patients had to be moved as an emergency to a smaller building while the old hospital was rebuilt. She gives biographical details of many of the consultant staff and of members of the board, and there is a full account of the valuable research which has been carried out there.

As with so many histories of hospitals, space is given to descriptions of the buildings and to the lives and characters of the medical and lay staff, but little attention is given to the diseases from which the patients suffered. Because of this what could have been a valuable contribution to the history of medicine is lost. An analysis of the diseases should be an essential part of the history of any hospital.

COS's century

[illegible]ELINE ROOFF:
[illegible]ndred Years of Family Welfare
[illegible] Michael Joseph. £6.

[illegible] history of voluntary social [illegible] in this country there can be few [illegible] which have attracted to them[illegible] so much commendation and [illegible] execration, both well earned, [illegible] Charity Organization Society, [illegible]ed in 1869 and known to later [illegible]tions as The Family Welfare [illegible]ation, the name it assumed in [illegible]. Not the least merit of Madeleine Rooff's centenary history is the [illegible] in which she makes clear the [illegible] for both.

[illegible] COS was born during one of [illegible]ves of optimism which periodically sweep over English society; [illegible] most recent was in the years [illegible]diately after the Second World [illegible]. Business was booming, the [illegible]tion was increasing, poverty [illegible] social distress must be on the [illegible]. The philanthropists who [illegible] the founding fathers of the [illegible] were convinced that the surest [illegible] speed their departure was by [illegible]oning the moral fibre of the [illegible], whose sons and daughters, [illegible]filled, would learn to take [illegible] for the future. Charity was [illegible] relieve unforeseeable distress, [illegible] must be scientific, with [illegible]ence of wasteful duplication [illegible]. For the destitute there was [illegible] Law. Critics who so often [illegible] COS's separating of The Poor [illegible] sheep of The Deserving and [illegible] of The Undeserving are apt [illegible] that, from the beginning, it [illegible]gned for the reform of the [illegible]aw, so that it would give adequate [illegible]ssistance instead of maintaining [illegible]le a hairsbreadth above starvation [illegible] level.

[illegible]ttitudes were those of its time; [illegible]ne of the less fortunate of its [illegible] methods were inevitable [illegible] class ought, with the best [illegible]tions, to do good to another [illegible] whose life it knew virtually [illegible] from the inside. The exceptions, the COS were some members [illegible] the clergy who had the cure [illegible] souls in large parishes. That the [illegible] prevailed in those attitudes [illegible] the general temper of the times had begun to change was due chiefly to the personality of Charles Loch, who was its secretary from 1875 to 1914. He was an admirable as well as a brilliant man, but he never questioned the tenets of the economic liberalism and the individualist philosophy which he had embraced as a young man. That his successor, J. C. Pringle, was his disciple and admirer meant that reform was still further deferred.

Against that may be set the COS's early realization of the importance of training for social workers, the thoroughness of its casework and record-keeping, and the evidence that, time and time again, the practice of a great many of its workers was far ahead of the principles to which their parent body was vowed. They were to prove their worth during the Second World War, and it was recognized in the official war history, where Richard Titmuss, writing of their work in the rest centres, said:

> They had experience in handling distressed people, they knew the value of order, they were familiar with the detail of social provision. . . . They were capable of taking the initiative and of temporarily disregarding rules and regulations. This they did effectively.

Since then the FWA has reexamined its function in relation to more comprehensive state provision for public welfare, and has been quick to assume the traditional pioneering role of voluntary bodies. It would be unfortunate if lack of money should restrict its experiments, particularly in preventive work. Meantime the history of its first century may be seen both as an inspiration and as a warning of the dangers of setting principle above pragmatism in social work.

Flank, front and rear

ESTHER VILAR:
The Manipulated Man
144pp. Abelard-Schuman. £1.50

Let us be provocative at any cost, but even when the target is Women's Lib, some of whose supporters lay themselves open, flank, front and rear, with magnificent abandon, it is still wise to choose one's ammunition with more circumspection than Esther Vilar shows in this book. Accepting their thesis that the sexes are made, not born, meaning that the present inferior status of women is due to cultural conditioning rather than inherent differences, Miss Vilar goes on to suggest that the conditioning is done by woman, who, from earliest childhood, manipulates the male into being strong, ambitious, determined, hard-working. Women do this so that men, their lives long, will support them, most of whom "by the age of twelve at the latest . . . have planned a future for themselves which consists of choosing a man and letting him do all the work".

So far, a gay enough send-up, and not altogether untrue. It is when Miss Vilar begins to support her argument that she and it fall to pieces. To take a random example, what possible basis has she for saying that "women—even mothers—have absolutely no idea how the human species develops, how it grows in their wombs, what phases occur between the moment of conception and the actual birth"? It may have been true of the patients she saw in the hospital in Bavaria where she worked for a year after completing her medical training and before she "drifted away from medicine", but a year is a short time and Bavaria is not the world. Her terms of reference, too, are curiously outmoded, bearing in mind that she is only thirty-six years old. Readers may have difficulty in relating Miss Vilar's world, in which "the majority of men wear striped pyjamas" (has she never glanced over the counters of the chain stores?) and women put up lace curtains, with the life they know.

Songs of the pilgrim poets

HELEN GARDNER (Editor):
The Faber Book of Religious Verse
377pp. Faber and Faber. £3.75.

DOUGLAS GRAY:
Themes and Images in the Medieval English Religious Lyric
300pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £4.

All kinds of specialized anthologies of English poetry might exist and serve a purpose; many do. Religious poetry is a particularly difficult category because one might expect too much. One might expect a veil to be stripped from the secret history, the true and inner history of the English people; or one might expect a height and a depth of human experience, a pure honey of the spirit, which was stored together only here. But, even if that were true, honey cloys, purity is not the air we breathe, history is massive, complicated and secular. Religious poetry concentrates, but also it excludes; it is both the most personal and the most impersonal; it is extraordinary that anything could be so intimate and yet reveal so little. It is moving only because it is human, it is as coherent as music partly because it is so impenetrable. And although it submits to ordinary standards of coherence and reason which are like laws of language, it must always be extreme, and in always going further it risks a swamp of subjective sentiment and a desert of dryness.

Given all this, it is still fascinating to take a new look at the succession—since one cannot call it either a history or a tradition—of religious poetry in English. To have *The Faber Book of Religious Verse* presented by so widely read and intuitively sensitive a scholar as Helen Gardner is better still. Anthologies are exclusive and spare, but even in so special and so curiously diversified a field as this the majority of what must be included is or ought to be inevitable, and the reader who looks here for "Still falls the rain" or "Ecce homo" or the "Death of Mr Robert Levet" will not be disappointed. Almost the only obvious, very strong candidates excluded are Shakespeare's "The Phoenix and the Turtle", "The Ancient Mariner", and the work of David Jones. If there is any personal exaggeration in the anthology it is slightly towards the dry and pure, no bad fault. The selection of poems on the whole is faultlessly careful and just, and that it was the work of many years is no surprise. It has the authority and patina of genuine love and knowledge.

Gramsci remarked that there are three kinds of world-view—one from philosophy, one from religion, and one from common sense—that religion is isolated fragments of common sense, and that only by philosophy can we overcome common sense and religion. In religious poetry more elements than these are involved. What changes at the end of the Middle Ages is not faith but a certain felt relation with nature. Philosophy first appears in English poetry as the friend, not the enemy, of religion. It seems, indeed, to be the philosophy, not the religion, of these poems which consists of isolated fragments of common sense. Perhaps, after all, an anthology of religious poetry can tell us little about our intellectual inheritance, possibly because it necessarily leaves out the English Bibles and Psalms, or possibly because periods which are generally and crudely felt to be short on poetry turn out particularly short on religious poetry. We are given little Dryden and almost no Pope, and the strong ending in the modern period with R. S. Thomas simply reflects a general recovery of poetry in this century.

It is sufficiently well known that medieval religious poetry is extremely strong and delicate, and the choice we are given here is wonderful in so rich a field but not predictable. Few readers will know all the poems already, many will know most. The sixteenth century furnishes few poems, but those among the best, including Ralegh's masterpiece (even if it was written in 1603) "The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage", which spiritually belongs to an earlier period.

Doubt insinuates itself surprisingly with Donne and Jonson. Donne's sincerity, extravagance and rhetoric can fall amazingly flat, and the palm for the worst lines in this anthology goes to him for

> Which might be scandalous
> And cast reproach on Christianity.

This sounds like the aged Wordsworth. No doubt sincere religion often goes with plainness of speech, but Donne's plainness when it fails is like that of ill-contrived masonry set off with elaborate cornices. Still, the moment of anxiety soon passes, perhaps because a convention settled down; if Donne were less uneasy he would be less great.

Crashaw comes through the strainer of selection much more strongly than one might expect, Andrew Marvell, apart from one supreme poem, more weakly. The greatest confirmation of doubtful feeling is the star-like fire and gentleness of Henry Vaughan. It is hard to know how high a reputation is, but is Henry Vaughan not still terribly underestimated? Is he not nearly as great a poet as Marvell or, with a difference of generation, as George Herbert?

Vaughan and Traherne are the end of something, even more certainly than Dryden marks the beginning of the role and survival of poets in another kind of society. The change is social and historic, the end of the Republicans and the Levellers and the Geneva Bible, the new secular enlightened world, the coming of the Bank of England and gentry government, and the increasing dictation of values from London. The best religious poets in the eighteenth century, with the single, marmoreal exception of Johnson—but his was a breathing marble in the style of Nollekens—are enthusiasts and madmen. Charles Wesley, Christopher Smart and William Blake are as great perhaps as Herbert and Vaughan in their religious poetry, but isolated by cold and oceanic pressures and burning in their minds both wonderfully and terribly. It is a matter for inevitable regret we could not have much more Smart, from his mad as well as his sane poems, but he is tremendous in both, and the poems of his sanity are after all too little read, while those of his madness, among the most moving writings in English literature, have at least enjoyed a certain fame in the past thirty years.

In religious poetry the nineteenth century is a parody of itself, a luxuriant swamp with islands of sandy dryness. The outstanding poet is the strange, isolated and intense figure of Hopkins. This selection does him full justice, but most of his near-contemporaries founder. Christina Rossetti pants with passion and pure-mindedness, but hardly convinces. Emily Brontë is better, but one may doubt whether we should so value her poems if we knew less about her life. In Clough's "Decalogue" the mica content is high, but there are other more religious poems by him not printed here where it would be less. We are not given Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach", perhaps because it seemed not religious, yet it could stand as a classic statement of modern feeling about religion: it would tower over lesser poems like a pillar of cloud. Otherwise the modern poets are very strong, particularly Yeats and of course Eliot, and it was appropriate to end with David Gascoyne and R. S. Thomas.

The lines that stick in the mind of a reader are a chance matter, but it may indicate something that in this anthology and for one reader they were anonymous medieval lyrics, "One rosy drop from David's seed" by Wotton, and "Old bones upon the mountain shake" from Yeats's last poem. None of these is in the plain language of doctrine, they have each a mysterious and impersonal power which is not uncommon in folksongs. They are highly specific lines but in some way transmuted, they are not symbols that can be read like a language or exhausted by commentary, and they appeal immediately or not at all. They have visible religious as well as sufficiently clear psychological roots. Perhaps the humus that makes them powerful is that in human substance which needs and which creates religious poetry, even though that poetry may be clear, pure, and dry. A poetry without religion can demonstrably exist, but a religion without poetry is a blank prospect and perhaps an impossibility.

Many times in this anthology it seems to die turns out to be alive; religious poetry in England seems to have the persistence of grass. But it is likelier that this perpetuity is the result of a series of interrupted series of recurrences rather than of any continuity of a special tradition. Religion and the art of poetry have been continuous, the imaginative categories like the two traditions coincide, and in some cases they essentially mingle, but they are two categories of different kinds, and it is still better to see them separately.

Douglas Gray's close and learned study of medieval lyrics rather confirms the prudence of this position. His investigation of theses and images is a highly technical and remembering analysis, and it enlarges our understanding more both in the art of poetry in the late Middle Ages and about the religion that the poems embody. The more technical the less personal, though the greatest poems the personal lyrics poets can never be analysed away.

It is interesting in this context that Mr Gray finds so much to praise in "Quia amore langueo"—which I think also, of course, in Professor Gardner's anthology—and that he ends by admitting it as "a remarkable example of how traditional material can be moulded into something strikingly new by a genuine creative imagination". Mr Gray's work is full of scholarly discoveries about the sources and relations of poems with more or less systems of images. He would, of course, agree that what people look for from religious poetry is works of the personal or popular genius that transcend these elements. Such a selection may well have passed through many mouths and be preserved anonymously. One at least of the most powerful anonymous poems in this language is a religious poem. But it is a pity that Professor Gardner regarded it: the famous Lyke-Wake dirge with the refrain "and God receive thy soul". Poetry is essentially or necessarily a civilizing art, nor is religion always civilizing. "Out of the strong came forth sweetness" is the most important principle in the development of poetry.

All done by allusion

T. A. SHIPPEY:
Old English Verse
220pp. Hutchinson. £2.50 (paperback, £1.25).

Hutchinson's University Library seems to be moving away from its traditional role as suppliers of bread-and-butter literary history to the student (it was the *best* butter). John Lawlor's *Chaucer* was a highly sophisticated piece of criticism; now, under his editorship, T. A. Shippey has produced a very attractive work on Old English verse which is none the less *not* a beginner's book—unless he is that kind of beginner who likes something *inspiring* but somewhat beyond him to get him going. Superficially, it looks like one. The quotations are all translated; there are good, clear expositions of the oral-formulaic technique, of the concept of *wyrd*, and so forth; the chapters are encouragingly laid out. But one does not have to read very far to realize that you have to know what is in the *Anglo-Saxon Poetic Records*, if only in translation; and Mr Shippey tacitly assumes a pretty good knowledge of previous critical work, and goes on from there. Some of the familiar old topics are missing. Neither *lof* nor *dom* appears in the index, though there is an excellent account of the concept, in the elegies, of the use of poetry as a tool for facing life. *Sapientia* and *Fortitudo* appear in the footnotes but not, thank goodness, in the text. Instead we have the author's much more interesting view of the essential heroic character.

There are some annoying mannerisms, most of them in the chapter on heroic verse, with which Mr Shippey leads off. Relics of old controversies stick out above the surface like wrecks. It is hard, for example, to see what Chambers's views on the culpability or otherwise of Finn are doing there, except that it is a good old talking-point. The audience of *Beowulf* make uneasy appearances, mostly in contrast with the modern scholarly audience who have read all their sources and analogues and trained their literary sensibilities to scent the least whiff of an irony. It is hard to see why Mr Shippey seems to consider the moderns are one up on appreciation. Why should the original listeners need "libraries or crossreferences"? They knew the stories—or else the *Beowulf* poet *told them* the story of Finn on purpose to confuse. The author seems to have fallen into the common trap of assuming that because they belonged to what we choose to regard as a barbaric civilization they were therefore simple all along the line. But a civilization materially simpler and emotionally more violent can, usually does, produce a code of behaviour, particularly of personal obligation, and honour, complicated far beyond our civilized understanding. Indubitably they knew what Hengest was about. It may be that Mr Shippey only appears to fall into these traps; one hesitates, because he has a confusing habit of asking himself what appear to be rhetorical questions demanding the answer Yes, and then a paragraph or two later answering them with a decided No, so that to the reader on his first time through he appears to be contradicting himself.

These grumbles aside, though, *Old English Verse* is an absorbing book. It opens promisingly: Old English poetry, "though consistent and regular . . . is, by any of our standards, odd". It is a thought worth hanging on to. The most compelling chapter is probably the one on heroic verse. (The Finn Episode and *Fragment* are chosen as a convenient example of the sort of primary heroic verse one might expect to have existed; Mr Shippey makes very convincing comparisons with other surviving fragments.) Here we meet with what might seem to be the greatest oddity of all: that the Anglo-Saxon warrior did not on the whole expect his poems to be about the business of fighting or indeed about action at all. They seem to have preferred implication to action, allusion to statement. Even when somebody does something, he tells you that he is going to do it; then he tells you that he has done it. Very rarely are you allowed to see him actually doing it. Everything is in the future or the past; there is little present.

"Hig fuhton fif dagas, swa hyra nan ne feol" (they fought for five days, still not one of them fell). The stalemate is the meat of the message. The Anglo-Saxon hero is not a fighting machine, but a man in a dilemma. Most typically, we see him in the moment of stasis before action, torn by two conflicting and passionate loyalties, unable to break out without destroying his world and breaking his own faith; and yet he has to act. Mr Shippey points out the atmosphere of "moral neutrality"; no one is to blame for the situation in which the hero finds himself; that would be too easy. But to be a hero he must realize fully both what has happened and what will happen when he acts; the agony of decision and the agony which follows that decision are in a way the measure of the quality of the man himself. The moment in which they are interested, the moment on which they concentrate, is this moment of suspense when past and future hang together in the tormented mind of one man. Mr Shippey suggests that the fascination with this state of mind explains their interest, in the elegies, in women as speakers: women, seen in heroic poetry as the sufferers on whom the men's action works, are "well suited to being final embodiments of the 'frozen mind', poised between breakdown and control". The chapter on the elegies is probably the most solidly useful, with its necessary insistence on the tradition of Wisdom literature; the *Book of Proverbs* remains one of the most useful commentaries on the *Wanderer*. The emphasis on how a maxim remains merely a well-turned phrase until you have experienced its truth for yourself is carried over into Mr Shippey's work on the Biblical poems and saints' lives, where the crisis is seen to lie in the demonstration of the truth: "Þæt weard gesyne", "it became obvious. . .". It reveals miracles in an entirely new light.

The last chapter sees the Old English poetic tradition as dying of its own accord. Maybe literacy killed it, maybe the change in social conditions. One does not know, except from the sagas, what happened to the *scop* as a professional. One sees from King Alfred's *Boethius* what happened to poetry as the accomplishment of a gentleman. There was never, it is insisted, a meaningful distinction between prose and verse: "song" and "speech" might be better. Maybe the eloquence of a Christian became more fashionable, better subsidized. Maybe, though the author does not state this, the language itself killed it. Perhaps poetry ended up too far away from the vernacular: *Maldon* comes out remarkably colloquial; the definite article wriggles in to lengthen a line, it become compound instead of very simple. When the style resumed briefly and brilliantly in the fourteenth century, it had stretched out to accommodate quite a different syntax. But by that time, Old English was over.

Picturesque

CHRISTOPHER D. ROLFE:
Saint-Amant and the Theory of "Ut Pictura Poesis"
113pp. Modern Humanities Research Association.

This attractively produced and elegant monograph deserves some credit for approaching a major problem through a minor poet. Saint-Amant (1594-1661) was a prolific author whose production ranged from biblical epic to drinking songs, but by concentrating on a single aspect of his art (actually because there is a brief chapter on music) Christopher Rolfe can bring a number of very interesting and equally relevant points to bear on poets and artists of the age. At least one endearing feature of Saint-Amant is its candid admission of his own faults which, however, fail to outweigh the many merits of Saint-Amant's verse, especially in his *ut pictura* description.

When everyone is out of step

...HON TZABAR:
...e White Flag Principle
...w To Lose a War and Why.
...pp. Allen Lane The Penguin ...ss. £1.95.

...MUND IONS:
...e Call to Arms
...ide with the Military.
...pp. Newton Abbot: David and ...ks. £3.25.

...re is nothing startling or original ...out the proposition that it is better ...lose a war than to win it. The ...ecle of defeated nations enjoying ...nomic miracles while the con...ers lurch from one crisis to the ...t has traditionally given rise to ...ssions of cynicism and dis...antlement. At its most serious level ...is a phenomenon with profound ...ications for the conduct of ...ernational relations, reflecting ...e significant aspects of group ...chism; and it deserves some...g better than Shimon Tzabar's ...ious attempt at satire. He has ...n the paradox of the dubious ...e of military victory and created ...k it a flimsy and superficial ...—a jokey "textbook" tricked ...with comic diagrams, pon...ously mock-serious equations, and ...ic statistics.

...e technique of expanding a rudimentary and not very funny joke to fill the space available to accommodate it — especially between hard covers—is not new. It has been used most notably by Northcote Parkinson, and Mr Tzabar has picked up some of the sage's now familiar devices. There is the presentation of a generalization—itself of doubtful validity—as a precise definition, complete with italic emphasis: "The strategy and tactics of surrender are not based on the principle of flight from the battlefield, but on the principle that the army *stays where it is*." There is the impressive deployment of technical jargon, the selective quotation from authoritative sources to support facetious conclusions; and the relentless development of anomaly and paradox to the point of logical absurdity—noting that complicated weapons tend to break down more often than simple ones (a fairly unremarkable aspect of technological innovation). Mr Tzabar concludes, humorously one supposes, that "by improving the rifle even more, by adding more gadgets and devices to make shooting accurate, the rifle can be made totally useless".

This sort of thing would be a riot in the school magazine, and might even have made an amusing essay in the style of Professor Parkinson's original exposition of his Law. Irony is a potent weapon against obscurantism and it has before now been used with devastating effect against the more chronic imbecilities of the human condition; but it has to be wielded with a surer touch than Mr Tzabar can command, and it should be based on a comprehensive knowledge of the subject, of which *The White Flag Principle* provides no evidence beyond an impressive and somewhat bizarre bibliography ranging from Julius Caesar through Brillat-Savarin to the inevitable Frantz Fanon.

Mr Tzabar, to use the "1066 and All That" idiom from which his genre derives, obviously thinks that war is a Bad Thing. So do most of us; and so, evidently, does Edmund Ions, who has written an account of his life in the army which will provoke ambivalent reactions among old soldiers of all ages. It is difficult not to be irritated by some of the faintly patronizing *de haut en bas* assumptions from which he proceeds. It is usually mistaken to believe that one is the only member of the squad in step; it is in most cases equally fallacious to congratulate oneself on being the only one *out* of step. An appreciation of Bach and a nodding acquaintance with Clausewitz is not quite so rare in the army as Mr Ions seems to believe; and he would obviously be surprised to learn that many of his military colleagues had been familiar with the poetry of Sydney Keyes long before he was "discovered" in the course of a somewhat novelettish idyll in the nostalgic Chelsea of Alexander Plunket-Greene and the Sitwells.

The superiority which Mr Ions clearly felt over the "straight-backed humourless reliable men" with whom he served is reflected both in his prose, which tends towards what M de Norpois once called "deliquescent mandarin subtleties" and in his apparent impatience with trivial detail. Even after all these years on the academic peaks he should know that the Royal Army Service Corps was called Alley Sloper's Cavalry, not "Al" Sloper's; that the President of the Mess is known as the PMC, not the "PMS"; that improvised shelters are *bashas*, not "bashers"; and that the flannelette used for cleaning rifles is 4 by 2, not "2 by 4".

Still, these are possibly matters more of proof-reading than of any more serious literary defect; and certainly Mr Ions is capable of some wonderfully evocative passages. It would be difficult to improve on the exactness of his observation and his memory when he writes of his short stay in Ceylon en route to Korea "talking with brittle RAF wives in flowered frocks, who fanned themselves and complained of the Labour Government"; or of a Regimental Sergeant Major who "spent most of his day hovering in the shadows of a huge chestnut tree at the edge of the square, guarding his asphalt like some mythic monster standing guard over a holy grail"; or the description of the NAAFI canteen which bears the unmistakable imprint of authenticity, right down to the Proustian power of the taste of NAAFI tea to unlock the gates of memory.

But perhaps the most moving passage in the whole of *A Call to Arms* is that which describes Mr Ions's final disenchantment with the obscenity of violence. It is worth quoting at length. Coming upon the warm, dead body of a young woman in a ruined Korean village, he met his personal revelation:

> I stepped outside to the glare of the sun. The world pivoted, hard and crystalline, the colours accentuated. Every detail of the stained scene registered; the mother with the infant's body across her lap; the father rocking back and forwards, sullen to impotence on the tip-tilted verandah; the scattered pots on the bright red earth; the fine plume of blue smoke drifting from the compound; the cicadas drumming in the shade, denying that summer was done. The flash of eternity. I stood still for a few moments. I knew now that my mind must follow the arrow and trace its path, from the hunted to the hunter, and back again. That in one vital, private respect, I had done with war.

That says more about militarism and pacifism than all Mr Tzabar's contrived irony; and it more than compensates for some of Mr Ions's more tiresome affectations.

...o the very gates of Warsaw

...MAN DAVIES:
...e Eagle, Red Star
...pp. plus 28 plates. Macdonald.

...sso-Polish war of the summer ...20), the central explosion in a ...s of frontier incidents and more ...serious military engagements ...s hosted from the rebirth of the ...republic in November, 1918, ...e conclusion of the treaty of ...in March, 1921, continues to ...ish writers and readers of his...though its consequences, for ...or evil, have long since been ...ded by a far vaster conflagra...The dramatic reversals of for...the unexpected rout of Pilsud...army in the Ukraine, the ...ly unexpected sweep of the Red ...across Poland, and the sudden ...victory before Warsaw, pro...a wealth of exciting episodes ...abundance of morals of all ...for those who desire to draw ...

...man Davies has once more ...ed this familiar ground, add...a number of Polish sources less ...known to English writers and ..., and taking here and there a ...de into the British archives in ...Public Record Office and into the Lloyd George papers in the Beaverbrook Library. He is interested in strategy and tactics as well as in diplomacy, and seeks quite rightly to place the whole episode into the perspective of world events. Here we can choose between a variety of interpretations, extending from that of D'Abernon who, in a book called *The Eighteenth Decisive Battle of the World*, compared the battle of Warsaw to the battle of Tours, in which Charles Martel saved Europe from "the yoke of the Koran", to that of A. J. P. Taylor who, in his introduction, wryly observes that this same battle "ultimately led the Soviet armies to Berlin and Vienna in 1945".

A writer who tries to cover so much ground in a short and readable book of less than 300 pages is necessarily selective. Mr Davies is selective in more than one way. Piłsudski's offensive against the Ukraine in April, 1920, was regarded by nearly all shades of British opinion at the time as an act of unwarranted aggression; even the most fervent anti-Bolsheviks, who remembered that Piłsudski had refused to lift a finger to help Denikin the previous autumn, were lukewarm. Partly for this reason, and partly because the most readily available news came from the Russian side, British accounts of the earlier stages of the war have been generally unfavourable to Piłsudski; and the reflection that "for the first time in two and a half centuries the Polish army had passed victorious through the Golden Gates of Kiev" evoked little enthusiasm. On the other hand, justice has always been done to the resistance and resourcefulness of the Polish forces, which drove back the invading Russians from the very gates of Warsaw.

It is notoriously difficult to write the history of a war from both sides impartially, wherever one stands, and with the best will in the world one cannot put oneself in the shoes of the man on the other side of the hill. Mr Davies has consciously set out, by way of redressing an adverse balance, to give a Polish account of the war. This is fair enough, and salutary up to a point, though he pauses too often to belabour the other side—sometimes in a rather pedantic way.

When the First World War ended in November, 1918, Eastern Europe relapsed into chaos, with undefined frontiers running through regions populated with a mixture of nationalities. Russian and Polish ambitions, not to mention those of smaller national groups, inevitably clashed. Skirmishes and frontier engagements went on continually for more than a year, interspersed by abortive attempts at negotiation. But all this was very different from the major military campaign launched by Piłsudski in April, 1920, which has been quite reasonably treated by most non-Polish writers as the starting-point of the Soviet-Polish war. Mr Davies will have none of this "error", as he calls it, which has the inconvenience of depicting Piłsudski as the aggressor.

The spelling of proper names is a well-known crux. The city customarily known in English as Vilna is Wilno to the Poles, Vilno to the Russians and Vilnius to the Lithuanians. But why should an English writer not stick to the traditional English spelling? Dzerzhinsky, Menzhinsky and Radek were of Polish origin; but from 1917 onwards they were to all intents and purposes Russian, and faithful servants of the Bolshevik regime. Why, writing for English readers, give their names in an unfamiliar Polish spelling? Worse still, Rosa Luxemburg spent the most significant years of her career in Germany, became a German national, and is known throughout the world by that name. The fact that she grew up in Poland does not make it sensible to spell her name in a way which must look outlandish to any but Polish readers.

...ictory without success

...HAMED LEBJAOUI:
...lle d'Alger ou bataille ...ble?
...Paris: Gullimard. 32fr.

...ANDREW REGGOY:
...ency and Counterinsurgency ...ence
...Indiana University Press ...0. £4.40.

...clash between guerrilla forces ...regular army, military victory ...not be the major component of ...s. Both Mohamed Lebjaoui ...Andrew Reggoy show the ...Algerian revolution to have been a ...clear example of this, and a hard ...for the French army to accept. ...defeat, after all, was to "win" ...win", they did. By the end of ...the armed struggle was all but ...the Algerian trained forces, the ...were cooped up in Morocco ...Tunisia, and effectively pre...from crossing the frontiers by French troops; guerrilla activity in the wilayas, though never totally suppressed, was notably reduced and pursued only at considerable cost; and the urban guerrilla in Algiers and other major towns was crushed.

Yet in 1962 Algeria was independent. This can hardly be attributed solely to the expense of maintaining a holding operation there, although the French government were naturally loath to keep nearly half a million troops in Algeria in perpetuity. It was rather the outcome of the diplomatic activities of the Algerian nationalists, the FLN, and of the increasing pressures which they were able to exert on France through the United Nations and world opinion. To do this they had to have the support of a substantial proportion of their own people, a support which they had certainly not enjoyed in the early days of the revolt, back in 1954.

M Lebjaoui and Mr Heggoy both write of the critical initial phase of the revolt, from late 1954 to late 1957, during which the French established a military hold over the country yet lost their hold over the people. The Battle of Algiers was probably the turning-point here. It set the seal on French military control and forced the FLN leadership into exile, but it also set the French civilians apart from the Algerians and united the latter against a regime willing to use torture on an extensive scale. It was a classic case not only of the end failing to justify the means, but of the final victory being so undermined by these means that it remained hollow.

Bataille d'Alger ou bataille d'Algérie? concentrates largely on these tragic months. It is an emotive *cri de coeur* refuting General Massu's recent book on the battle of Algiers, and as such is avowedly partisan. The potential impact of its moving personal stories is substantially reduced by the tendency to attribute all "innocent victims" to French activities and "political targets" only to those of the FLN, and by lack of precise documentation. But M Lebjaoui does convey how the Algerians reacted to the disappearance of 3,000 of their people in the hands of the French paratroops.

Insurgency and Counterinsurgency in Algeria is a clear, concise and well-documented study of the first three years of revolution, tracing the rise of nationalism, the development of the FLN and popular support for it, and the gradual swing to diplomatic rather than military effort on the part of the nationalists. Mr Heggoy is biased in favour of neither side in the struggle, and does not rise to the bait of accusations of communism. He gives a detailed assessment of just what help the FLN accepted from the communists, and on what terms, and his conclusions here are substantially the same as those of M Lebjaoui: the Algerian nationalist movement was in no way communist-inspired. He also points out, correctly, that violence and torture were not the prerogative of any one side.

TIMES PAST THE TIMES

TLS

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Viewpoint

BY ALAN PRYCE-JONES

AUGUST, in the United States as elsewhere, is a session of festivals. Great lakes of culture, popular and serious, not only embellish the landscape, they threaten to drown it. The small Rhode Island city in which I live, Newport, is still panting from the mixture of pleasure and stress which is inseparable from seventeen days and evenings spent seated on a gilt chair.

In a dark moment, one may ask why anybody tries to organize a festival. It will almost certainly run at a deficit. It entails a great deal of hard work among people not noted for ease of character. And then there is the question of what to perform. How much that is first-rate is not overworked; on the other hand, how much second-rate music can an audience bear?

Newport has solved the problem ingeniously. It is a small city, with no space for large-scale performance; but it contains a choice of bizarre and splendid private houses, of the kind thought suitable for summer living three generations ago—that is to say, you concentrated on the ballroom, built a dining-room for forty, added a few bedrooms, and furnished the whole in what an Athenian friend of mine once innocently called "Système Henri Quatorze".

In such a house it is possible to reconstruct the kind of evening which the countess in Strauss's *Capriccio* would have approved: which, indeed, any musical hostess would be happy to offer. The elderly European may be reminded of old days in Wimborne House, or in the Paris setting of the Princess of Polignac. But the festival is not aimed at the elderly. Perhaps the young regret that the Newport Jazz Festival, the pride of the 1950s and 1960s, has moved to New York, where decibels anyway are never to seek. But they come all the same, to hear rare things like the Verdi Quartet, and the Grand Septets of Alexander Pesca, totally forgotten since the 1850s.

It is a curious experience to sit in a drawing-room gilded and mirrored to distraction, and listen, for the first time in a century perhaps, to the music of honourable composers now sunk without more than a bare trace into the recesses of obscure libraries. Reinecke, Spindler, Litolff are hardly names to conjure with. But we have been applauding them these days, along with the Prince Consort and the Russian composer, César Cui, who provided a delightful chamber opera, *Le Fils du Mandarin*.

We have revived some little-known Americans, such as Arthur Foote and Mrs H. A. A. Beach—a serious Brahmsian lady from New Hampshire, who joins the great company of creative Victorian ladies clinging to their "Mrs" before the day of "Ms"; Mrs Humphry Ward, Mrs Henry Wood, Mrs De La Pasture. We have had an early "Ms" as well, reflected in a concert performance of highlights from *The Wreckers*, Dame Ethel Smyth's excursion into very grand opera.

The aim of a festival such as this is to give pleasure, to match music to setting in such a way that a public performance comes as close as it can to a private party. But, after seventeen days of it, one listener at least felt the need of sharpening the pleasure by including a masterpiece or two. One might suppose that, on a warm night anyway, the demand made by a masterpiece on an audience not especially intellectual could be excessive. The Reznicek and Chabriers ought to suffice.

One of the Chabrier works performed sums the matter up: the *Souvenirs de Munich*, in which themes from *Tristan und Isolde* are brilliantly guyed in a café-concert style. The joke would not be there if Wagner had not been there first. The imagination has to be tuned to concert pitch before it can play pranks.

The function of masterpieces, then, is not only to exist in their own right but also to set up a yardstick. Parallel with our concerts, we have also been given Lord Clark's latest set of lectures on great contemporary painters, and the same conclusion can be reached in painting. The Jackson Pollocks and the Rothkos, the Barnett Newmans and the Oldenburgs can offer certain things in their own right; but they only come to full life if they can be set against the past.

For there is no such thing as a break in continuity. The greatest innovators in the arts take from the past, whether they know it or not, what is to be the art of the future, just as the little people, whose aims are no higher than to give a modest pleasure to others, would achieve nothing were it not for the shadowy giants behind them.

* * *

As a change from music and painting, I picked up a first novel by a new writer, Charles Gaines. It is called *Stay Hungry*, and it is among the best novels to appear in the United States for some time.

Charles Gaines is a young man from Alabama, who has escaped to New Hampshire. That he is an extremely agreeable young man is beside the point: which is that he has given an entirely new twist to the writing of the South.

I have spoken of this writing before, in connexion with Eudora Welty; and anyone who reads American fiction must have a set idea of what the South provides. On the other hand, the more famous Southern writers are either elderly or dead; and it may be suspected that their personal South has aged, or even died, too.

Mr Gaines is far from the Southern stereotype. He is of "old, well-off Southern stock", his publisher tells us, and he likes that. He also likes to ride and shoot, to act with grace, and to probe into odd situations.

Had anyone told me that I should be held enthralled by a novel about weight-lifting in Birmingham, Alabama, I should have found it hard to believe. But *Stay Hungry* is also about being young, about being adventurous and funny and lusty.

And, again, half the delight of reading this kind of book lies in the echoes it evokes. It would be much less enjoyable to a reader who knew nothing of Graham Greene, not that Mr Gaines is in any way "like" Graham Greene, except that he shares the urge to explore the kind of back streets which exist in Birmingham as well as in Brighton, to establish empathetic links with the dubious folk who live on them.

Mr Gaines's South is utterly unlike the South of Faulkner or Flannery O'Connor. His characters are unburdened by guilt; they have few beliefs except in their own destinies; they are too busy regaling an appetite for life to have time for the hag-ridden, dark-toned Southern past. But without some knowledge of that past, Mr Gaines's remarkable achievement—which is entirely of the present day—cannot be understood.

It is not fashionable at the moment to admit the validity of any past experience, the pre-eminence of masterpieces, or the dependence of the young on their forebears. To be properly with it you should go to a concert, look at a picture, or read a book as if each existed in the moment only. History is at best an inconvenient thing, full of fact rather than opinion—a thing to be read up and remembered, not glanced at and immediately forgotten. The dogmatic opinion of Henry Ford has gained ground year by year since he enunciated it in 1919. History, however, is *not* bunk; it is a living thing which cannot be escaped although it may stay unperceived. And even in circumstances as relaxed as a festival by the sea, it is constantly present.

* * *

Most of the music we have been hearing dates from the evening of European Romanticism, although some of it was written tongue in cheek, like Rossini's Quartets for woodwind. It suited the houses, which are themselves romantic survivals of an age which appears more attractive at a distance than it can have been in reality.

True, we have had Vice-President Agnew among us, but to raise funds for his campaign rather than to enlarge his knowledge of Lieder. In times like these the arts become an escape: from Vietnam, from bussing, from the lies and inanities of a long presidential campaign in which nobody cares much for any of the candidates, nor reposes much trust in any of their policies.

Among these Newport relics of Edwardian splendour it is easy to be escapist, but still easier to remain unsatisfied. Everything around looks solid enough. The marble is real marble; the Buicks and Cadillacs are soberly parked under tended trees; and among the audience there is a sufficient wink of diamonds as well as Madras shorts. But however Edwardian the setting, the atmosphere remains pervasively 1972: an elderly year, a year of foreboding; and yet a year in which the young may come into their own.

For one thing clear in American life today is that the young are heartily sick of their elders; and it is possible to discern in the success of the Newport Music Festival several hopeful signs. The performers have mostly been themselves young. This is the fourth year of the festival, and by now it is developing in a climate of friendliness. At the same time, the standard of performance rises, and as it does so there has been a general feeling that in future years the programmes should move forward, so that not the familiar only but also the accepted masterpieces of chamber music and song are brought together to give perspective.

The only programmes to elicit hostile comment were those in which a gimmick was tried and failed, such as a piano recital which began from a Scriabin nocturne played by hand to a truly horrible piece by Czerny for eight hands at eight pianos, climbing to that number by arithmetical progression; there was an evening of Viennese light music which abandoned the stated theme of the concert hall for those of the tea-shop.

These mistakes were made to please the older generation. The young expect something better. There is an expectation which runs throughout American life today. The young run heads against a brick wall which afflicted the American young four or five years ago, has run in fact. They may seem apathetic; but it is likelier that they are biding their time, waiting for a cause to believe in and for the man to lead it.

You cannot raise the level of life in one domain without doing it in all. You have to remember the past and its achievements: Mozart as well as Beethoven; you must be willing to learn from past errors. This implies a major change in American thinking, a change as radical as that imposed on Britain by the thought by the conclusions of Darwin.

For more than fifty years the United States has rubbed along with successive states of feeling for which words have been used—"Prosperity", "Democracy". Large and noble gestures have been made. It would be easy to maintain that the motivation of American policy have all been at roots in a virtuous impulse, but something has regularly supplanted it. Americans have felt that they were threatened by communism; they felt an obligation to show the Free World for its own good; they have felt alternate needs to withdraw from a modern international world and to lead it. And by this mixed feeling for thought they have alienated their own youth.

* * *

Such reflections bring us a long way from the summer delights of a music festival; but so intense is the process of living at this moment in time that every public event is a microcosm of national endeavour. The old accept, the young exist. In every field of activity there is an intense aspiration towards the right rule. To achieve this, new standards of self-criticism are needed, a new field of tolerance, a set of new approaches. That a city bound by the past as tightly as Newport can renew its vitality even in so limited a field as that of music, and do so by awakening the good will of the young, may be a pointer to other things.

Stanley Morison at a joint dinner of the Double Crown Club and Gezelschap Nonpareil (Amsterdam), All Souls College, Oxford, June 28, 1957.

The power of print

THE BIOGRAPHY OF Stanley Morison offers an exacting challenge to the biographer and to the biographer's reviewer. To begin with the platitudes. Morison was a man of many parts and many men. He enjoyed, thanks partly to his, an exceptionally wide variety of friendships, which he tended to keep in watertight compartments, according to each acquaintance a degree of genial warmth and an air of impenetrable reserve. He was in essence a lonely man, leading a solitary life. How can one tie up such a man in one bundle? How can one even encompass the diversity of the many?

The variety of careers is the most obvious, though not the most formidable difficulty. Morison was, first and foremost, a typographer. This was the function which he exercised for the Monotype Corporation, at the Cambridge University Press, and—above all *The Times*. His scholarly interests, originally directed to the improvement of the prevailing state of printing, and never wholly divorced from that pragmatic aim, spread out into the history of the printed word in its beginnings, and into the kindred topic of calligraphy, so that the field of his professional interest embraced every form of the presentation of the written word to the reader. Throughout this field Morison became a master, and in many parts of it the unique master.

NICOLAS BARKER:
Stanley Morison
566pp. Macmillan. £10.

Such was the foundation of the immense reputation which Morison acquired with astonishing rapidity. It was appropriate that his biographer should be an expert in the field; indeed the blurb describes Nicolas Barker's work as not only "the definitive life of Stanley Morison" but also "the authoritative account of typography in the twentieth century". Morison came on the scene at the crucial moment of a vast expansion of the printed word, and of a reaction in every sphere of art against what were now felt as the narrow and constricting conventions of Victorian society. He was at the centre of the great explosion. There is no reason to doubt that his fame, specialized but secure, will endure as a great typographical reformer and innovator. Innovation, particularly in this country, likes to masquerade as the restoration of an ancient tradition. Here too Morison was in good company.

Mr Barker does full justice, not unmixed with the touch of adulation permissible in an official biography, to these achievements. He occasionally travels a little too briskly for the layman, throwing out names and technical details in bewildering profusion. But the untutored reader cannot really complain; the total picture is not blurred. On the other hand, a reviewer in the journal which Morison once edited, under the shadow of the parent newspaper to which he devoted a major part of his thought and activity over a period of thirty years, may be conscious of a certain perfunctoriness in the treatment of those years and of some lacunae which, perhaps necessarily, remain unfilled. But once again, the essentials are there. Mr Barker quotes an entirely private and personal letter in which Morison describes "the change from Dawson to Bell-Ward" in the editorial chair of *The Times* as "a worthwhile contribution to the war effort", and speaks frankly of himself as "invested with much 'occult influence' so that little is done without prior knowledge".

A word should be said here of Morison's *History of The Times*, the four volumes of which absorbed him off and on—and rather more "on" than "off"—for upwards of fifteen years. They constitute the most solid, though probably not the most impressive, product of his meticulous scholarship, and are, like all his work, a phenomenal achievement by one who had no formal education after the age of fourteen. Some of the chapters were originally drafted for him by others — further research would reveal more about the processes of composition—but it is doubtful how much of these tentative drafts survived in the final version, almost every line of which bore the imprint of Morison's dominant personality.

The main personal assessments in the history—the elevation of Barnes, the demotion of Delane, the total eclipse of Buckle, the fascination and tragedy of Northcliffe—seem likely to survive. A few hobby-horses are ridden rather hard. A somewhat capricious selectivity is sometimes at work. The last volume occasionally threatens to diverge into an excursus on European diplomacy or British foreign policy; and there is some special pleading motivated by Morison's personal loyalty and devotion to R. M. Barrington-Ward. But no future historian will ignore it. Mr Barker goes to the root of the matter when he says that for Morison "history was the art, not of recording, but of explaining, the past". Morison understood more about history than some of our currently practising professionals.

The real problems of Morison's biographer are, however, the paradoxes of his opinions and of his personal life—both, no doubt, connected and intertwined. Barrington-Ward, in the early days of their acquaintance, described him as having "a good mind, which is yet an odd jumble of beliefs and prejudices continually in contradiction", and found the contradiction in a clash between "traditionalism in religion and radicalism in everything else". This was a superficial diagnosis. Morison's radicalism preceded his Catholicism, and his Marxism followed close on its heels. Religion for Morison was a movement of revolt, and meant no acceptance of any establishment. A reference to the Catholic Church as "this bunch of macaroni-merchants" could certainly be paralleled in utterances about the high priests of Marxist orthodoxy. Neither would imply any uncertainty about what he regarded as the fundamental doctrines of Christianity or of Marxism. The puzzling contradictions were not between the two but within both of them.

Mr Barker pays more attention to Morison's Catholicism than to his Marxism, partly perhaps from personal inclination, but mainly because he know Morison only in the last years, when old age had turned the rebellious vigour of his youth and maturity, and reconciled him to things he no longer had the strength to anathematize. But he very fairly provides the evidence to redress the balance. Exactly when Morison first heard of Marx is not clear; Mr Barker names the British Socialist Party, a sect of the extreme Left, as a channel, but quotes no evidence. What is certain is that, when in prison as a conscientious objector in the First World War, he met Palme Dutt, Page Arnot, and other future founders and leaders of the British Communist Party. Prison has often been a breeding-ground for revolutionaries. In 1923 he applied unsuccessfully for party membership; and in 1929 he addressed his friend Graham Pollard, a party member, as "Dear Comrade", apologizing in jest for the fact that he was "not technically a comrade".

Barrington-Ward in the verdict just quoted noticed Morison's "insistence on class". Contemptuous references to "the boss class", or more briefly to "the narks", often decorated his conversation. What changed after 1931 was his assumption that the Labour Party was an effective spearhead of the campaign against capitalism. He now perceived that "the capitalist system is still strong, too strong for the idealists who have been for so long the support of the socialist"; the Labour Party was dead for thirty years, and the Liberal Party would revive. But the basis of his opinions did not change. In the last decade of his life he continued to denounce "many rich people in the West End and some pettifogging investors in Surbiton, all profiting by things of which they know nothing", and he thought that the word profit "should stink in the nostrils of any decent man".

But here too there were contradictions. Morison did not spurn the amenities, and even some of the luxuries, of West End club life. If profit stank in his nostrils, he note the less worked hard to earn profits for *The Times* and rejoiced at the

results. He said sometimes that, having been placed through no choice of his own in this repulsive society, he felt free to play the game by its rules for long as it lasted. He bargained sturdily with the Monotype Corporation and *The Times* for pensions sufficient to provide the comforts of old age. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, to which he came too late to render much service, contributed substantially to the affluence of his last years. Morison had no capital; but he did better for himself, as the phrase goes, than many capitalists.

Paradoxes of character and behaviour go deeper than paradoxical opinions. "I was born a rationalist", declared Morison on a solemn occasion, "and a rationalist born is a rationalist for life; I see what I see and have seen less by the eye of faith than by the eye of reason." One hesitates whether to call this a classic example of self-misunderstanding or an unconscious cover-up for things he could not bear to contemplate. In 1908, at the age of nineteen, brought up as an agnostic, he was received into the Catholic Church, which he never left. On September 10, 1912, he lighted on the Printing Supplement published that day by *The Times*. It kindled a flame of excitement and enthusiasm which determined his vocation and the whole course of his career, and which burnt on, unextinguished and undimmed, till his dying day.

In 1916, still untried and inexperienced, in the throes of a struggle to assert his faith as a conscientious objector to the war, he married a wife more than sixteen years his senior; the unfortunate woman apparently understated her age by ten years. In 1924 the marriage was on the rocks; its history can probably never be written, but Mrs Morison seems to have been sensitive to what was in store. The same year saw the beginning of an intimate friendship between Morison and a young American woman named Beatrice Warde, who shared his interests in typography and whose husband, after two years of strain and stress, left her on his account; this passionate, though platonic, relation endured for the rest of his days. None of these landmarks in Morison's career bore notable witness to a rational way of life.

The same thing may be said of the mounting enthusiasm which caused Morison to give long years of devoted service to that ancient monument of the British traditional establishment, *The Times*, and of the infatuation—the word is scarcely too strong—for Beaverbrook which overtook him in 1948. None of these events can be explained, or could have been predicted, in rational terms. Had his actions been governed by the dictates of reason, Morison's achievement and Morison's personality would probably have been far less impressive. What drove him forward was a succession of violent eruptions of powerful and powerfully controlled emotion, which imparted a unique force and vividness to everything that he did.

Morison's letters and reported speech offer problems of interpretation. His utterances, written and spoken, were often tricked out in a dazzling Shavian display of wit, panache, and self-dramatization. A generation of excavators has failed to unearth from the records of Shaw's life much of that genial warmth that radiated from Morison over the circle of his friends. But for both men the sparkling epigram, the odd mixture of self-mockery and ostentatious self-assurance, the outrageous paradox, served as a façade for a hidden hollowness and emptiness at the core.

Morison himself has left clues. Two categories of his letters stand out as wholly free from this extraneous ornament, and entirely simple and sincere: those dealing with questions of professional scholarship, and those addressed to Beatrice Warde. In an odd little disquisition written for Beatrice in the early days of their association, Morison toyed with the word "reality":

> Unless human relationships were founded upon reality, there could not be any permanence in them. And, when reality exists, a certain fire bursts forth spontaneous combustion if you like. . . . There is a specific real nature . . . and that is real which helps that nature to ascend from the implicit to the explicit.

Morison at that time could not define reality further—even to himself. But more than thirty years later, in a spoken tribute to Eric Gill after Gill's death, he reverted to the word:

> He believed in certain things—what? The fundamental basic things. The man, the woman, the child, the family, all of which he bore out. It's a very different thing for me. No wife, no child, no family, my golly, I mean I can see at once, without any further argument, I mean, how remote I am from the realities he faced and did. There's no doubt about it. I've felt it continually—continually.

Morison was by destiny, not by choice, a solitary.

The paradox of personal relations was the ultimate paradox in Morison's life. His present biographer has opened up much that he chose and strove to conceal; at a time when none of those closely concerned is still alive, this was legitimate and inevitable. He writes of Morison's "distinct if courteous misogyny, due to shyness and to fear of the strength of his own emotions". To call Morison a misogynist would be misleading to the point of perversity. His early relations with his mother can presumably never be documented. But she was a strong and able woman with a feckless and drunken husband who eventually deserted her; and everything points to the strong influences under which her only son (he had two sisters) grew up. The limited selections printed in the book from Morison's correspondence with Beatrice Warde testify to the unique role of that intimate and frustrated relationship in his later life.

Morison liked to say when moralizing about himself—often in contexts with a specifically sexual application—that he would have been a very wicked man if he had not submitted to the discipline of the church; and he commonly spoke of his religion not as a thing of joy but as a "hair-shirt". It was psychologically an important resource for him to externalize his deep-seated inhibitions by debiting them to the injunctions of the church. The assertion of his own potential wickedness is as significant as it is unconvincing. It is tempting to trace in this hidden and tragic conflict between powerful passions and the powerful inhibitions which held them in check the dynamic force which filled his towering personality, with its inexhaustible intellectual fervour embracing both the broadest syntheses and the minutiae of scholarship.

One compensation found by Morison is particularly relevant to his service for *The Times*—his preoccupation with what he once called in another context "the reality of power". Morison had none of the gifts of the politician; his political judgments were frequently wrong. But his qualities were peculiarly suited to the role of *éminence grise*, the exercise of known but publicly unavowed power. His enthusiasm for Northcliffe and Beaverbrook, both failures on the political stage who sought to exercise power from the wings, falls into this pattern. Mr Barker does not exaggerate when he describes Morison's role at *The Times* as "the unofficial adviser to successive editors"; indeed on some points he seems to underrate the extent of his influence. What, however, can hardly be overstated are the benefits which *The Times* derived from that influence at a crucial period of history. The reorganization of *The Times Literary Supplement* after the war falls into place as a supplementary benefit.

Mr Barker does however perhaps give less than due weight to the other side of the picture. He rightly dissents from Donald McLachlan's estimate of Morison in his recent biography of Barrington-Ward. But McLachlan reflects the view of those members of the editorial staff who resented Morison's intrusion and the position which he acquired; and one cannot feel that this reaction was surprising or wholly unreasonable. Morison was capable of a certain ruthlessness and asperity towards those whom he did not suffer gladly. When Sir William Haley succeeded to the chair, Morison's reign was over. He was deeply hurt by the chillier climate of a changed Printing House Square, especially as he had promoted the new editor's candidature. But he was not a man to sulk; and his hopes for things would go on as before were hardly realistic.

Morison's place in the history of the printed word is secure. But how much will remain of the fame which he produced beyond this technical sphere on a far wider canvas? His contemporaries, and which of so many of them feel that they are dealing not merely with an eminent typographer or a meticulous scholar but with a great man? Much of the record must rest on oral tradition which is already fading; and perhaps the opportunity for a great biography which would have recaptured the life and drive of his personality in its most creative years is already past.

Meanwhile we shall remain deeply grateful to Mr Barker for a book which does full and expert justice to his technical achievement, and assembles every scrap of information available about him in the printed or written record. Occasionally, indeed, one may feel that he tried too hard; does one care about the exact sales of the tobacconist's shop kept at one time by Mrs Morison senior in his way? But the whole work has been done with affectionate care and utterly precision. In a volume of over 600 pages the present reviewer has spotted only two tiny specimens of what Morison once gleefully called "the flotsam and jetsam of our literacy": Melk is not in Czechoslovakia; and the indexer has confused Schramm, an obscure German librarian of the early 1920s, the father of an historian of the same name who flourished in the Nazi epoch.

Stanley Morison's Politics and Taste *is reviewed on page 1013.*

Missionaries, do-gooders, and cranks

WILLIAM St CLAIR:
That Greece Might Still Be Free
412pp. Oxford University Press. £5

Liberated Greece and the Morea
Scientific Expedition
The Peytier Album in the Stephen Vagliano Collection
Edited by Stelios A. Papadopoulos with notes on the plates by Agapi A. Kurakatsani
107pp including 64 plates. Athens: National Bank of Greece.

Shortly after the outbreak of the Greek War of Independence in 1821, Adamantios Korais, that "new Hippocrates" and intellectual mentor of resurgent Greece, wrote to Jean-Pierre Boyer, the president of the Republic of Haiti, soliciting his assistance in the struggle. The arrival of a Haitian battalion in Greece, he wrote, would not only terrify the dastardly butchers who were oppressing Greece but would also be one of the most beautiful triumphs of justice and humanity. President Boyer, after appropriate invocations to the heavens to protect the descendants of Leonidas, regretfully declined the invitation, pleading a revolt at home, but hoped that the Greeks would bring about a second Marathon. A little later, Chinese merchants in Calcutta subscribed to a philhellenic appeal launched by the small but flourishing Greek community in Bengal.

The cause of the insurgent Greeks, then, had a remarkably wide appeal. It might be thought that, with the work of Douglas Dakin (*British and American Philhellenes*, 1955) and C. M. Woodhouse (*The Philhellenes*, 1969), the subject of this extraordinary upsurge of philhellenism had been pretty well worked out. But not so. William St Clair has amassed a great deal of new material and he is particularly strong on the non-British philhellenes.

Mr St Clair writes well and has quarried industriously in the vast literature of European philhellenism, as his bibliography attests. His book is replete with extraordinary anecdotes and contains useful descriptions of Greek irregular warfare and of the intrigues surrounding the loans raised by the embattled Greeks in London. Unfortunately he has flawed a basically good book by the unpleasantly condescending attitude which he adopts both towards the philhellenes and the Greeks themselves.

For him the philhellenes are basically insecure neurotics, dropouts, woolly-minded liberals, failed revolutionaries, unemployed and unemployable ex-officers. The philhellenes at Mesolonghi, for instance, give him the impression of being "men smothered in humbug and men desperately trying to find a compensation in philhellenism for some psychological inadequacy". No doubt those who flocked to Greece did so for mixed motives, but he consistently discounts any element of genuine idealism among those who went to Greece. How would Mr St Clair explain the fact that a number of philhellenes, among them Church, were associated with the factions that grew up in reaction to Kapodistrias's authoritarian policies after 1828, a fact of which he appears to be unaware? Kapodistrias's heavy-handed style did not at all square with the vision of Greece that they had fought for, and for which they sacrificed a great deal.

The non-military philhellenes generally fare even worse than the military ones—only the American philanthropists emerge unscathed. Yet in his eagerness to denigrate the activities of the assorted missionaries, do-gooders and cranks who were attracted to Greece, and whose activities are intrinsically so much more interesting than those of the warriors, Mr St Clair sometimes gets carried away. There can be *no doubt*, he assures us, that the great bulk of the improving literature distributed by the missionaries was employed by the Greeks for making cartridge cases. Perhaps this was the case. But what is the evidence? He bases this sweeping conjecture on a passage in the memoirs of Adolphus Slade, but Slade, in fact, says nothing of the sort. Nevertheless, that is, Mr St Clair believes, that the Greeks were really all Albanian *klefts*.

Nothing is easier than to poke fun at nineteenth-century missionaries, but Mr St Clair's view of them is unsympathetic to the point of distortion. He seems unaware in any case that they had been active in the Greek world for several years before the outbreak of the War of Independence. One of them, indeed, had brought off the remarkable coup of having evangelical tracts printed at the press of the Ecumenical Patriarchate in Constantinople in 1818. Moreover, by no means all of them were the insensitive and self-righteous prigs he would have us believe. William Jowett, for instance, took a genuine interest in the progress of education in pre-revolutionary Greece, and his accounts of the *gymnasia* at Ayvalik and Chios are of great importance.

The other serious flaw in the book is Mr St Clair's inadequate understanding of the nature of Greek society at this time, which is reflected in his simplistic opening chapters. Relying as he does almost exclusively on non-Greek sources, this is not perhaps surprising. A newspaper, he tells us, was "a thing unknown in Greece" before 1824, with the arrival of Leicester Stanhope and his printing press. In fact the Greeks had newspapers long before this, the best known being that of the brothers Markidis Poulios, published in the 1790s in Vienna for distribution in the Levant.

Moreover, he persistently underestimates the extent to which the small, but influential, Greek intelligentsia not merely tolerated, but positively welcomed the Benthamite schemes of the philanthropists and the educational projects of the missionaries. In the midst of a savagely fought war and bitter civil strife the Greek authorities, for instance, laid quite elaborate plans for educational reform and were more than anxious to avail themselves of the help of bodies such as the British and Foreign School Society. We are told very little about these Greeks and what they, as opposed to Mr St Clair, thought of the ministrations of the philhellenes. Surely the Smyrniot Kokkinakis, a man of truly remarkable stature by any standards, and his correspondence with Thomas Jefferson on constitutional organization of a future Greek state, deserve some notice in a book on this subject?

The general picture that emerges from Mr St Clair's book is of an almost unrelieved disillusionment, intrigue and squalor. Many contemporary philhellenes, of course, became rapidly disillusioned with the Greek cause. Shelley's early enthusiasm melted away after contact with the live Greeks in Leghorn. And Pushkin, an early admirer of Alexander Ypsilantis, the Greek, rapidly became a "nasty, mean, bandits and shopkeepers". But the record of those who were prepared to translate their high-flown philhellenic sentiments into action was not quite so gloomy as Mr St Clair would have us believe, even if he does rather pile up the agony. *That Greece Might Still Be Free* is none the less a very exciting read, and is packed with information.

At the end of the war, the French expeditionary force was dispatched to the Morea to remind the three protecting powers of their duty to maintain the peace. Alongside the military mission went the Scientific Expedition, which included naturalists, architects, archaeologists and geographers. Captain Peytier was responsible for one of the expedition's geographical surveys between 1828 and 1836. The Ionian Bank of Greece, following the publication of two excellent volumes on *Greek Handicraft* and the *Greek Merchant Navy 1453-1850*, has now published a set of watercolours made by Peytier during his sojourn in the country. Like his predecessors, the volume is superbly produced and handsomely illustrated. The quality of printing is very high. At the moment the volume does not appear to be for public sale. It is to be hoped that the National Bank of Greece will make this and future volumes available to the general public.

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LAWRENCE & WISHART

To the Editor

Edward Elgar

Sir,—J. G. Pattisson's letter (August 18) concerning *Edward Elgar: The Record of a Friendship* (R. C. Burley and F. C. Carruthers) sent me back to the preliminaries of that book. In the Publisher's Note it is implied that the manuscript was not offered for publication during her lifetime out of respect for the feelings of Elgar's daughter, the Mrs C. I. Elgar Blake. Nonetheless the manuscript had been going the rounds in the early 1950s, when it was brought to my notice by one publisher to whom it had been offered, and by him it was rejected on account of possible contentiousness. Some years later (c 1958) a solicitor, then involved in the resolution of an estate for the purposes of probate, sought my advice as to the realizable value of this typescript as a publishable property.

As I remember it—and my recollections are confirmed by the publisher then involved—the book as it was at that time presented was different from what it now is; but what has been omitted is no way covered by the present Publisher's Note which states that "those passages related to matters concerning which Miss Burley had "no first hand evidence . . ." In its original form the manuscript contained important material from Elgar himself, the loss of which must diminish the value, if not the record, of what is left.

It should be noted that Rosa Burley had the intention of writing about Elgar and immediately after his death. In a letter to her, dated August 12, 1935, Ivor Newman, while agreeing that "a great Elgar would make an interesting study . . .", registered his strong disapproval of the lady's intention and his unacceptance of her invitation to him to collaborate in the project.

In the foreword to the Burley/Carruthers book it is stated that the aim of the authors was, "to approach truth as nearly as our faulty human perception will allow". In the event one may see whether this aim was quite as resolved as was intended at the outset.

PERCY YOUNG.
Clark Road, Wolverhampton WV3

Viewpoint

Sir,—I must protest at Mr Grigson's verdict (*TLS* August 25). I agree with him up to a point about the prospect in English poetry. The aesthetic is redolent of the 1890s and the booze, drugs or young boys are the plethora of magazines produced a series of stepping-stones to the bank lists of the publishers who follow shore up the causeway with "poem poet" and "introduction" etc. All this contrives to encourage and maintain self-indulgence and (implied) mediocrity which, in a way be all that is available.

However, all this still does not excuse the fact which, apart from the aspiration to become a literary "outraged Coleridge Wells" and the petulant tone of hatred reminiscent of the private Kingsley Amis, is wilfully ignorant of the conditions requiring the provision of the Arts Council and its expenditure.

For example, the individual poet who claims he has a private income and is employed as a filleratour which can be described as incestuous, earn their way as well as write. The sheer hard work he must endure surely argues the existence of patrons whether private or, in this century, state inspired which provided the poet with some opportunity in his life to rest and renew himself. Otherwise one must accept conditions where the poet works twelve hours a day of which eight involve him in a kind of creative schizophrenia, and which prevent the emergence of such as "incompetent" poets as a Dylan Thomas and a Hofmannsthal.

This is the kind of cultural landscape Mr Grigson wants he should say instead of being at all too hittable. Not only is his stance negative and irresponsible since it encourages a laissez-faire" state of mind which will lead to a rat-race even more than the present one.

JAMES SUTHERLAND SMITH.
Foundations Road, London SW12.

Hardy Ghost

Sir,—Evelyn Hardy's "semi-identification" (August 18) of the ghostly in "Wessex Heights" is not convincing. The lines in question are:

> I see its profile against the pane, saying
> what I would not hear.

In *Jude the Obscure* Sue and Jude enter a railway carriage which "seemed the same" as the one which Jude had got out of with Arabella less than an hour ago:

> They sat down side by side, Sue between him and the window. He regarded the delicate lines of her profile, and the small, tight, apple-like convexities of her bodice, so different from Arabella's amplitudes.

The bust measurements of the heroines are not relevant what is relevant is the fact that, as Miss Hardy and F. B. Pinion show in their recently published edition of Hardy's letters to Florence Henniker, *One Rare Fair Woman* (the title is taken from the next line of "Wessex Heights"), both the poem and the character of Sue were inspired by Hardy's unhappy, platonic affection for Florence Henniker. Indeed, in a letter to her, dated August 17, 1893, Hardy refers to a conversation he had with Mrs Henniker in a railway carriage where she expressed views which he terms "pretty".

In his preface to the first edition of *Jude the Obscure*, Hardy says that the novel was written "at full length, as it now appears, from August, 1893 onwards into the next year", so that if, as seems to be the case, Sue is based upon Florence Henniker, then this particular incident in Hardy's personal life may be reflected in the episode quoted from the novel. The parallel between novel and poem is close—a woman's profile seen against the window-pane of a railway carriage, and as "Wessex Heights" is dated "December, 1896" in manuscript (see R. L. Purdy, *Thomas Hardy: A Bibliographical Study*, page 162) that profile can resemble a ghost because it embodies the memory of an incident which took place over three years before. The "ghost", it should be added, is also the spectre of what Hardy termed "the well-beloved" or "ideal beloved one" (*Life*, page 286).

T. N. PAULIN.
Lincoln College, Oxford.

Henry James

Sir, The New York reporter's account of Henry James's "immensely robust figure", quoted in my review of the Leon Edel biography (*TLS*, August 18), appeared as "immense robust figure". Since it was James's robustness, rather than his *embonpoint*, that I wished to stress, I shall be grateful if you will allow me to set the record straight.

YOUR REVIEWER.

The Murrays

Sir,—I have just been shown the review of Professor West's *Selected Letters of Hubert Murray* (August 4), and I beg leave to protest at the grotesque travesty of Hubert's character, and that of my grandfather Sir Terence Murray, presented by your reviewer. Hubert is presented as a concupiscent drunkard, and his father as an irresponsible champagne-swilling Irish country gentleman.

So far as drinking is concerned, certainly Hubert drank as a young man, far too much; but the time came when he decided he was doing no good, and he took an oath in front of a priest not to drink at all for twenty years. He then went to Papua, which was then completely savage. Little damage had been done by "free enterprise men and social Darwinians" because there were few there; but later on Hubert did indeed protect the local people from exploitation by traders.

When the twenty-year period of abstinence was up, a foolish person suggested having a good booze up to celebrate the event, to which Hubert replied that he seemed to be doing all right as a teetotaller, so he might as well carry on the same way: which he did.

So far as I know, his only unsatisfactory experience with women was the marriage to his second wife, a person who disliked living in Papua, in fact refused to live there, and tried to make a social lion of Hubert in Sydney, a course he rejected; and they parted, he to continue his work in Papua. He was always an austere man; I can remember meeting him long before this second marriage, and he was of very austere demeanour, a characteristic due, I should think, to a strong sense of duty and certainly not to the experience with women invented by your reviewer.

As for Sir Terence: a gentleman certainly; his forebears had mostly been soldiers. The family estates had been confiscated after the battle of the Boyne. He was an economic refugee from Ireland. He was never of extravagant habits. "The disgrace of financial failure": the financial failure was due partly to a dishonest farm manager, but mainly to losing some 20,000 sheep in a year due to a drought. So far as disgrace is concerned, after this disaster, he became a Member, then Speaker, and finally President of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales.

STEPHEN MURRAY.
Greenside, Hallbankgate, Brampton, Cumberland CA8 2PX.

Tim Bobbin

Sir, Stanley Ellis (July 28) and Alan Hindle (August 25) take opposite views but perhaps the truth lies midway between them.

While not in essence a dialect writer, John Collier ("Tim Bobbin") is reverenced as the "Father of the Lancashire Dialect". Like many a writer before him and after him he pointed the way but did not take it himself. Mainly because a reading public had to be prepared, and that came in the nineteenth century when the best of the Lancashire dialect classics were published.

John Collier was a dilettante and if only he had concentrated on his writings he might have earned more than a footnote in some histories of English literature. He could have been one of the wittiest and bawdiest writers in eighteenth-century England as the following examples will demonstrate.

He wrote a pamphlet attacking a "History of Manchester" in the course of which he deals in a scathing manner with what he thought was a pseudo-archaeological discovery.

> "In the year 1765, or 1766, we found a Roman Lachrymatory of black glass, deposited in a little hole upon the rock and half filled with tears; the cork-stopple being nearly consumed by time, and the liquid still retaining a considerable degree of saltiness."

This historio-antiquarian must either be inspired, or have his taste and smell in an exquisite degree of perfection! Nay, he must absolutely have a better nose than his hunting greyhound when he can so easily distinguish a Roman Lachrymatory from an old Anglo-Saxon glass bottle; or the tears of a Roman from the urine of an English-Saxon Lady.

He wrote a letter to a doctor friend on the subject of constipation, drawing the latter's attention to

> the Lon. Chron. of the 8th to the 10th currt, wherein is mentioned the miraculous cure of an inveterate costive belly which was hugged about by his most excellent Majesty Jammy the first of ridiculous memory. And as this was affected by a quick, and cheap panacea, I here send you the story paraphrased, for the good of your patients, mankind in general. This I do for your kind communication of a specific for the flux; leaving it entirely to your own judgement on whom, and when to use it. I am &c. T. B.

The road thro' James the first was bar'd,
No victuals can'd go thro' him;
For all within was bak'd so hard,
No good could physic do him.
One Doctor wiser than the rest
Was sent for, to attend him;
Who by his constitution guess'd,
What physic soon'st wou'd mend him.
A pistol loaded deep, he brought
In secret, to his chamber—:
And bounce it went—when Jammy thought
The least of gun-shot danger!
The pistol scarce was off, before,
The cork flew out from anus;
With such a noise; and stink one swore,
His Majesty hath slain us!
The King with other Scotchmen star'd;
But, mum—were all their speeches;
'Mongst whom, for ease, and joy, he shar'd
The lining of his Breeches."

"The Mayor of ——'s Petition" is an anecdote paraphrased from a newspaper item. This poem records the story of a borough who required some money for the steeple clock. The Mayor was chosen to present a petition to Charles II who was expected to pass through the borough. The second half of the poem describes an amusing incident:

> The king was driving, lehu-like,
> But seeing th' mayor, with glance oblique,
> He stops his train that did approach,
> And eke his glittering gilded coach;
> And at the door receives in state,
> This jolly, rustic magistrate,
> Behold this liege-man true now making
> A low obeisance—with much quaking;
> He utter'd humbly—May it please
> Your majesty,—when low!—his knees
> And belly squeez'd so hard together,
> Wind broke—like thunder in hot weather!

This dire explosion gave the King
A fit of laughter—but did fling
The mayor into such confusion,
His speech he made but little use on:
But after hemming thrice, he master'd
Up so much sense, that out he blustered.
May't please your majesty:—I had—
As good a speech—as—e'er was made;—
But greatly fear—as—I'm a man,
At the wrong end—on't—I began—
Stop, brother Sovereign quoth the king
By God you cannot mend the thing;
Or any other man in England,
In Scotland, Denmark, or in Finland.
This said, his majesty threw pat,
Twenty pieces in his hat:
And bowing to the mayor, drove off
Most highly pleas'd, with many a laugh;
Swearing it was, tho' highly scented,
The strongest petition, e'er presented.

H. KIRTLAN.
39 Hillcrest Road, Langho, near Blackburn, Lancashire, BB6 8EN.

Sir,—A word of thanks to Alan Hindle for his letter (August 25) on Tim Bobbin (John Collier) which corrects the misapprehensions displayed in Stanley Ellis's article (July 28), puts him into a serious historical perspective and suggests something of his gifts and character. Not quite enough, though, and I should like to add a note on aspects which Mr Hindle was not able to touch upon.

Tim Bobbin's *View of the Lancashire Dialect* is one of the very first serious studies of a dialect, and its orthography, created by him, has remained the model ever since. It was widely circulated and read in his own time and constantly reprinted—including at least five pirated editions, which are a sufficient indication of the wide reading public suggested by Mr Hindle, and of the interest aroused by the little book. This piracy prompted Tim not only to verbal attack on the dishonest printers of his native county, but to publish a vigorous and entertaining engraving with the same purpose—for he was not only schoolmaster, poet, letter-writer, but painter and engraver, whose work was sold all over the North of England and exported by Liverpool friends to the West Indies and the North American Colonies. He was best known for his grotesque heads and groups—but produced also a number of serious satirical prints of which the best is "The Pluralist and the Old Soldier". The original illustrations to his *View of the Lancashire Dialect* were also of his invention and engraving.

"The Pluralist" found an echo half a century later in one of Bewick's wood engravings, in Sol Hodgson's "The Hive": but the connexion with Bewick was a personal one. Three of Tim's sons lived in Newcastle, working as painters: one at least was a good friend in Bewick's apprentice days, and when he began the great walking tour that took him far into Scotland, it was with a visit to his mother's family in Cumberland, when he stayed overnight with his friend Tom Collier in Penrith: Thomas Collier was John Collier's second son, and was, three years before Bewick's burial in Ovingham churchyard, buried alongside his father in Rochdale.

Finally, Tim Bobbin was a well-read historian and antiquarian, whose two long commentaries on Whitaker's *History of Manchester* are not only much more entertaining than the well-padded speculations of the learned Doctor, but show a much more serious understanding of the problems of studying our ancient history.

Mr Hindle did well to suggest that we could do with a reprint and reappraisal of Tim Bobbin: a serious study of his life and work would do a great deal not just to deal justly with a minor figure, but would be very illuminating in terms of our understanding of the eighteenth century.

RAYMOND WATKINSON.
35 Over Street, Brighton BN1 4EE.

Libertine Literature

Sir,—I in no wise question Martin Dodsworth's right to discuss both the importance and accuracy of my observations (August 18). I do, however, take strong exception to his hostile and pontifical attitude, designating final voice for himself upon a subject which is obviously complex and provocative.

It should be clear that Burton's own notes in the *Anatomy* constitute my main source of information relating to his use of Barth's translation of the *Ragionamenti*. My modest effort lies in examining the notes in an attempt to trace their origin. Although I have not read Lawrence Babb's *Sanity in Bedlam*, the fact that he also observes Burton's indebtedness to Barth implies the importance and significance of the point.

As for the claim that I failed to observe Burton's reference to Aretino's "pictures", you remember, Sir, that in my unpublished letter of July 7, I indicated other allusions to Aretino's works of pornography found in Spenser, Harvey, Nashe, Burton, Thomas Randolph, Eldred Revett and Milton. The line quoted by Mr Dodsworth was specifically cited in that letter, together with the explicit reference to Aretino's *Dialogues*. I also find his counting of Burton's references to Aretino rather humorous. He fails to consider that I concentrated only upon certain allusions to *Aretino's Lucretia*, without intending to be exhaustive.

Regarding the name "Gaspar Barthio", discussed by Leonard Forster (August 4), it is obviously derived from Burton, but it is noteworthy that in the catalogues of several important libraries he is listed under a proliferation of names, including this one. The discovery that Burton confuses the *Pannodaricolus* and the *Pannhoscolidaricolus* was recorded in my letter sent to you in June, before the publication of the May issue of *PMLA*. In his petulant comments Mr Dodsworth seems to forget that scholars working separately often make similar discoveries.

SAAD EL-GABALAWY.
Department of English, The University of Calgary, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

GAUGUIN CATALOGUE

Daniel Wildenstein and Douglas Cooper are pleased to announce that they have been able to compose their differences which arose out of a review by Douglas Cooper of the late Georges Wildenstein's *Gauguin Catalogue* published in the *TLS* on August 19, 1965. Neither Douglas Cooper nor we intended in any way to question the integrity of the catalogue or the good faith of its authors, and both Douglas Cooper and Daniel Wildenstein now recognize that as scholars they had valid reasons for agreeing and disagreeing on the authenticity of certain works included in the catalogue by or attributed to Gauguin.

Cheerful philosopher of social science

I. C. JARVIE:
Concepts and Society
214pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.50.

The philosophy of the social sciences, largely neglected until the very recent decades, is now a flourishing industry. Among those who supply this rapidly expanding market, I. C. Jarvie is perhaps the most productive and interesting. Though a professor of philosophy, he has also made very significant contributions to substantive work in the social sciences, in fields as diverse as the study of Hongkong or the sociology of the cinema. Characteristically, his first major work was simultaneously an all-out onslaught on the basic methodological assumptions of functionalist anthropology, and, at the very same time, a most interesting contribution to the comparative study of Cargo Cults. It is said that after its publication, the students of anthropology at the London School of Economics hanged Professor Jarvie in effigy. No one could ask for a better testimonial to the impact of his ideas.

Concepts and Society has six chapters. The first two consider fundamentals. One of them is devoted to an account of what Professor Jarvie deems to be the correct procedure in the social sciences, and this hinges on the notion of "the logic of the situation". The second, by contrast, expounds criticisms of a rival approach, which would make *understanding*, rather than *explanation*, into the central aim of the social sciences. The third and fourth chapters apply Professor Jarvie's general ideas to two specific problems: the generation-gap and social class. Finally, the last two turn to the problems of sociology of knowledge (and its obverse, the objectivity of knowledge), and the issue of the ontological status of societies, institutions, and human concepts.

The general position which Professor Jarvie recommends in the first chapter is one for which he claims the support of Popper, von Hayek, von Mises and, further back, Kant. It is often referred to as methodological individualism, and it would seem to seek the ultimate bricks of social explanation in the interaction of human aims and social circumstance, while at the same time stressing the unintended consequences of human aims.

This kind of view (though Professor Jarvie does not underscore this) would make classical economics the very paradigm of the social sciences, and any kind of Durkheimian holism the very model of error. This general approach could be accused of a reductionist tendency, though Professor Jarvie strenuously resists this charge. One of the most powerful objections to this general approach hinges on the contention that aims are not, and cannot be, a given datum for the social scientist: their articulation, identification, naming, pursuit, all depend on a complex social and conceptual framework, which is quite independent of the individual who harbours the aims in question. Moreover, what we call "aims" are quite diverse in logical type, and aims of very different kinds are simultaneously operative in our lives. Professor Jarvie mentions this kind of objection, but does not really deal with it at length.

He is more persuasive in his critical second chapter, which is directed at the recently fashionable school which equates social understanding (which it makes into the main objective of the social sciences) with getting inside the conceptual skin of other people, and at the same time makes all conceptual skins equal, by insisting that each of them is its own standard or norm, and hence that none of them can be judged from the outside. Superficially, this would seem an attractive, liberal and tolerant view. In practice, it tends to be used as a facile defence of any belief-system which happens to be favoured by the author, a defence which tries to disqualify the critic, and the criticism, by saying that they irrelevantly view the belief "from the outside", whereas truth is only validated *inside* each "form of life".

This approach in fact completely misrepresents our actual collective situation. The most obvious feature of our world is that life and thought-styles vary a great deal, but that some of them happen to be cognitively very much more powerful than others. Forms of knowledge are not born equal, and many of them are in chains. We are at present trying to live with the consequences of this important fact; shutting our eyes to it, on the basis of a mistaken and totally a priori argument, does not help in the very least. Professor Jarvie's handling of this fallacy is conclusive. He points out that were it valid, the following assertion would not conceivably be true: "Certain social institutions . . . impede attempts to discover what the world is like."

But this is, in fact, trivially true. Any historian of science, or anyone concerned with problems of education, has countless occasions to make this trite observation. Yet if it were true, as the defenders of the position under criticism maintain, that the distinction between the real and the unreal, the true and the false, is only generated by each society or its language, then this assertion simply could not be made. But it *can* be made, and happens to be true, and thus the position which would exclude it is itself indefensible.

Professor Jarvie is not quite so persuasive when it comes to concrete applications of his own approach to the problems of the generation-gap and of social class. Here it might be appropriate to make some comments on his style. Professor Jarvie is a thinker about whom it could never be said that he tried hard to be a philosopher, but that cheerfulness kept breaking through. In his case, philosophy and cheerfulness are not at all opposed, but on the contrary seem inseparably united and both are conspicuously present. This, especially as it is combined with open-mindedness, makes him attractive to read, but it does sometimes fail to compel one to assent to his conclusions, which seem to have been reached in too cheerful and easy a manner. For instance, he takes the pleasing view that the whole notion of "class", obsessional though it is to many people, is also somehow self-generated and based on error. He goes so far as to refer to "my view that the hierarchy of classes . . . is chimerical". It is very doubtful whether the problem of class can be removed, even in part, simply by going to the logical fundamentals of social theory. It seems perfectly possible to deny all ontological reality to the notion of class, to equate it simply with a certain distribution of the type of situation (and their "logic") in which people find themselves, and *yet* to find the problem most intractable.

But the very deepest, and the least charted, waters are reached in the final section of the book, constituted by the last two chapters. As Professor Jarvie warmly and generously acknowledges, he owes a great deal to the ideas and the influence of Sir Karl Popper, though his discipleship is free from dogmatism or adherence to party line. But what is unusual here is that the Popper whom he follows is not only the well-known protagonist of Openness and of falsifiability, in other words the Popper whom every philosophical schoolboy knows, but also the much less well-known Popper of his recent work and interests. This is a *most* surprising Popper: for one thing, the famous critic of Plato and of essentialism turns out to be the passionate defender of the reality of a "world of intelligibles, or of *ideas in the objective sense*; it is the world of possible objects of thought" (Italics in the original). Was the relationship to Platonism a love/hate one after all? One might have known. Similarly, the erstwhile scourge of historicism now seems to flirt with invoking the authority of evolutionary success, as a kind of for his own account of scientific method.

Perhaps the two positions are not logically compatible, appearance notwithstanding; but one does wonder, and in any case they have not been *shown* to be compatible. Professor Jarvie does not do so, and he continues to condemn everything in the book under review.

In any case, the final part of *Concepts and Society* attempts to tackle a number of things: the methodological and substantive problems discussed in earlier parts, Popper's discovery of a "Third World" of intelligibles or objects of thought, recent phenomenology-inspired doctrines of the "social creation of reality". The result is a stimulating, not to say a heady, very strong brew, which can hardly be summarized or criticized in limited space. It does not quite know which way it will point in the end: is society malleable because it is made up of thoughts?—Or, on the contrary, are very independent of us beings though created by our ideas, ideas in turn are quite independent of us? The argument could lead in either way.

Social sceptic

ROBERT F. MURPHY:
The Dialectics of Social Life
261pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.50.

Robert Murphy did his fieldwork among the Mundurucu of Amazonian Brazil and the Tuareg of the southern Sahara Desert. They appear in the book from time to time, "refracted", in his phrase, by meditation and by such diverse influences as those of Simmel and Freud, Leach and Lévi-Strauss. "Most anthropologists", he says, "find that their most productive analyses require an absence from the field of at least two years." In this case the interval between fieldwork and philosophizing has been more like ten, but the sense of social realities formerly observed retains its value as a stimulus.

Professor Murphy sees social life as "a series of contradictions", and perhaps the people he studied were more contradictory than most. The veils which Tuareg men wear "hide symbolically significant portions of the self while allowing the rest of the person to be engaged", and Professor Murphy aptly relates this to Simmel's remarks on the depersonalization achieved by masking. Again, kinship terms are used by Tuareg, among others, in a way which enables them to believe in a given ideology of kinship while not objectively conforming with it. "To the young Tuareg, a mother's brother's daughter is a girl of his local group toward whom he is attracted." Yet genealogical evidence to substantiate the relationship turns out to be lacking.

One section of the book is headed "Toward a Sociological Skepticism", and this is the dominant direction of Professor Murphy's thought, and its outstanding virtue. The "dialectics of social life" that he insists, on amount to little more than the recognition that one cannot take any social terminology at its face value. Dialectical reasoning, he says, is both ancient and ubiquitous, a tradition "much broader and looser than the limited Marxian version". The principal characteristic of a dialectic is that "it is critical and skeptical of received truth and established fact". While this is wholly admirable, "dialectic" is perhaps a superfluous label.

Professor Murphy is not advocating the triad of thesis-antithesis-synthesis, and quotes J. N. Finlay and Walter Kaufmann, both of whom have pointed out that this was not at all the pattern of Hegel's own tripartite formulations. But then he does not really go along with these either, in an anthropological context. In a short article published in *Man* in 1963 he attempted "to clarify the dialectical, specifically the Hegelian, elements in the work of Claude Lévi-Strauss". Structuralism, in the Lévi-Straussian sense, is, he explains, the quintessential dialectical exercise.

It dissolves an apparent unity (in this case concept and activity) into opposed elements that continually work upon each other and it reconstitutes that unity at a higher unity while, in the process, transforming both elements. When this goal is often reached in such analysis is open to question, the method opens the promise.

Like many other anthropologists he is fascinated by the work of Lévi-Strauss. But he does not follow him all the way into the recesses of *Mythologiques*, commenting that "the study of the structure of signs or mental images independent of human activity leads to sterility". What he has taken from Lévi-Strauss—and also from Simmel and Freud—is the insight that people seldom do what they say they do and indeed often do the opposite: "Despite an overexpressed preference for marriage with the mother's brother's daughter the Tuareg are preferentially endogamic." Whether anything so mundane as dialectical method is responsible for this discovery is a moot point, but the book has the merit of illustrating open-mindedness and political inquiry. "Our task should be understood as an attempt to break out of a closed system of thought and to adopt one."

Religious community

WERNER STARK:
The Sociology of Religion
Volume 5: Types of Religious Culture
453pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5.

This is the fifth and concluding volume of a work of which the first three volumes appeared in 1967. They were concerned with established religion, sectarian religion and the Universal (i.e. Roman Catholic) Church respectively, constituting a "macrosociology of religion", or rather of the Christian religion—for the other religions of mankind are virtually never referred to. The fourth and fifth volumes are a "microsociology", and emphasize the lineage-like structure and community-based culture of Catholicism. The scholarship and logical coherence of the work are beyond question, and it is written with deep feeling and often with a moving eloquence. But one is bound to wonder how far this faith-inspired exegesis can be assimilated to the general body of sociology, including the sociology of religion.

Quoting from Pope Pius XII's encyclical *Mystici Corporis Christi*, Werner Stark comments that the passage "may sound strange to the secular sociologist, yet it is essential to the sacred sociology of Catholicism". Are we, then, to consider the present work as a study in *sacred* sociology? And, if so, is there one sacred sociology only, or are there potentially as many as there are religious systems? Professor Stark, moreover, sees his task as "typological", not quantitative; where other sociologists of religion produce statistics, on church-going for example, he does not cite a single figure, and this is quite deliberate.

Throughout the work, and especially in the present volume, the basic theoretical concept is that of *Gemeinschaft* (community) as distinguished by Tönnies from *Gesellschaft* (association). Implicit in the sociology of Tönnies is the belief that community *is better than* association and that when the latter replaces the former something of high value is lost from human life and society. Professor Stark sums up the essence of his own argument when he writes: "Our whole investigation, throughout its five volumes, has proved, if it has proved anything, that Christianity has sprung from, and remains rooted in, community." Again, more narrowly: "The social system called community then—this is our final conclusion—leads to the religion of Catholicism." At the other pole of Christianity, Calvinism, basically individualist, is an expression of association, based on a covenant, or contract. Or in more picturesque terms: "Look with Kirby eyes through Catholicism and you see the clan; do the same for Calvinism and you see the market."

The type of religious culture which goes with Catholicism is characterized by Professor Stark as pan-symbolic, and Catholic dogma as having evolved from "the common consciousness of the *plebs Christi*". The Roman liturgy is likewise seen as "the precipitate of the anonymous forces of the Christian societies and society of the formative period". Some of Professor Stark's best pages are those in which he illustrates the poetic pan-symbolism of the Catholic faith. One is likely to agree with him that "only art offers an appropriate language to religious sentiments". One may indeed agree further that there has been historically "a natural tendency towards a creation of symbols and other artistic expressions which Rome has fostered and Geneva has fettered". But there is surely no need to maintain either that all Catholic art is ipso facto admirable or that all artistic creativity is, either directly or indirectly, Catholic.

A case is argued at some length that Milton, Rembrandt and J. S. Bach, though nominally Protestant, had affinities with Catholicism which enabled them to transcend the anti-symbolic Calvinist influence. Even Calvin sometimes wrote in symbolical language about the Church, as when he asserted that

> there is no other way to enter into life unless this mother conceive us in her womb, give us birth, nourish us at her breast and . . . keep us under her care and guidance until, putting off mortal flesh, we become like angels.

Calvinism pointed the way, in Professor Stark's perspective, to the modern secular age of association and the (so pseudo-religious) of liberalism and socialism. In competition with their optimistic promises, Christianity, "a stern, even a forbidding religion", has been unable to reassert itself. Yet they could not wholly defeat it. "The noon of capitalism is over; its dusk has arrived; more collectivistic conditions are in the offing. This may well give the Christian new hope."

Workmen

S. R. PARKER and others:
The Sociology of Industry
200pp. Allen and Unwin. £1.75.

The first edition of this book described us "a clear, sensible, carefully structured introduction to a complex and relatively new subject. The book exhibits a professionalism that one finds much more often in American sociology than British. The authors . . . are sociologists . . . the new professional slang they use . . . they are not content simply to repeat what has been found out. They . . . are "theoretical" in the sense: they seek to present the subject in ordered fashion, drawing together what threads they can, generalizing where the evidence warrants." (*TLS*, April 4, 1969) In its second edition—thoroughly revised, extended and even more elegantly organized—the book is better than ever.

MERVYN PEAKE
Three Nonsense Poems

Squat Ursula

Squat Ursula the golden
With such wild beauty blest
That when a man's beholden
Her glory—heel to crest—
He rests—if he's an old'n
It's wise to take a rest.

Squat Ursula the golden
Can tire the young men too,
Because her limbs are moulden
From honey, milk and dew,
And April leaves, and olden
Magic—and Irish stew.

But Ursula has vanished
with some unbridled boy
Along with pictures varnished
With swamps of sepia gloy
Along with bronzes burnished
And all the tripe of Troy.

O Ursula, Squat Ursula,
Wild Ursula, recall
That night I sang a versula
Beneath the midnight wall.
And how you were so terse-ula
And sharp with me, n' all,

But you are gone; your goldness
Your wildness and your squat
Magnetic form; your coldness
That left me piping hot—
And you are gone my olden
Flame whom I never ought I

Along with Saul and Moses
Along with all the lot
Who had fantastic noses
And didn't care a jot—
O Ursula! what roses
I ever plucked or bought

Have been for you, my passion,
My queen of fire and dread;
Divine amalgamation
Of swedes and copper-thread,
Unstitch your irritation
And kiss me when I'm dead.

Come, break the news to me, Sweet Horse

'Come, break the news to me, Sweet Horse,
Do you not think it best?
Or if you'd rather not—of course
We'll let the matter rest.'

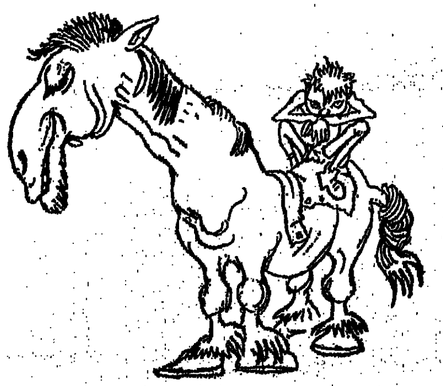
The biggest horse that ever wore
His waistcoat inside-out,
Replied: 'As I have sneezed before,
There's not a shade of doubt.'

'I find your answer rare, Sweet Horse,
Though hardly crystal-clear,
But tell me true, what kind of course
Do you propose to steer?'

The biggest horse that ever wore
His waistcoat outside-in,
Rolled over on the parquet floor
And kicked me on the chin.

'O this is lovable', I cried,
'And rather touching too,
Although I generally prefer
A tick of fish-bone glue.'

The only horse who ever kissed
Me smack athwart the chin
Curled up and died. He will be missed
By all who cherished him.



I have my price

I have my price—it's rather high
(about the level of your eye)
but if you're nice to me I'll try
to lower it for you—

To lower it! To lower it!
Upon the kind of rope they knit
from yellow grass in Paraguay
where knitting is taboo.

Some knit them purl, some knit them plain
some knit their brows of pearl in vain.
Some are so plain, they try again
to tease the wool of love!
O felony in Paraguay
there's not a soul in Paraguay
who's worth the dreaming of.
They say,
who's worth the dreaming of.

A volume of nonsense poems written and illustrated by Mervyn Peake will be published in November by Peter Owen.

Guillaume and the Guillaumeans

GUSTAVE GUILLAUME: Leçons de linguistique 1948-1949
Volume 1: Structure sémiologique et structure psychique de la langue française. 269pp.
Volume 2: Psycho-systématique du langage. 222pp.
Quebec: Presses de l'Université Laval. Paris: Klincksieck. 50 francs each

It is amazing that even today, with rapid transport and easy communication between countries, the formation of schools of thought so often still depends on verbal exchange between master and pupil. Probably in most disciplines we can think of outstanding personalities who have drawn countless satellites into their orbit, and yet whose published works lack the compelling attraction that must pervade their oral delivery. One such was Gustave Guillaume (1883-1960), the French linguist who was "discovered" in 1909 by Antoine Meillet, the famous Indo-Europeanist, while working as a bank clerk in Paris. Encouraged to turn his talents to linguistic theory, Guillaume was rewarded with a certain degree of recognition only in 1938, when he became a lecturer in French philology at the École Pratique des Hautes Études: for the next twenty-two academic years he gave between one and three lectures a week, during which period his influence on French linguistic thought was immeasurable.

Almost no one working on the French language has escaped the touch of Guillaume: his ideas suffuse, however unwittingly, even elementary textbooks. Yet his published works were few and impenetrable. During his time at the École he wrote only one book and a handful of articles, all of which might appear to the uninitiated mere balderdash dressed up with fancy terminology and incomprehensible diagrams.

If we say that Guillaume is to French linguistics in some ways what Lévi-Strauss is to French anthropology, we may give the flavour of English speakers' reaction to his writings. Mingled with the bewilderment is an inkling that there may be profound truth buried under the mystification, but the Oxford tutorial questions "What does he mean?" and "How does he know?" just do not seem applicable. Both these French scholars show the same lack of regard for empirical data, the same delight in theoretical constructs and the same amazing penetration and originality in finding explanations for the apparently inexplicable.

But, unlike Lévi-Strauss, Guillaume has never achieved fame outside his restricted circle of devotees; lacking academic eminence and financial support, and always in poor health, he was not the man to fly around the world to congresses and visiting professorships, even if the earlier period of his teaching career had not coincided with the war and occupation, so that he communicated little with scholars outside Paris. His lack of success has aroused much speculation—was it, as Meillet suggested, that Guillaume was too clever for the scholarly world? Bitter comparison with Chomsky, in particular, prompts his followers to blame rather the period and the country in which he lived: the young American professional, backed by government funds, in an era desperately seeking something new, has the edge over an aging French autodidact living through a time of despair and disgrace.

Spellbinder of the Ecole

Yet right up to the age of seventy-seven, Guillaume cast a spell over his audiences at the École, transforming them, and indirectly their pupils, into little Guillaumeans. The key to his magic power must lie in the 30,000 manuscript pages of lecture notes he bequeathed to a former pupil, Roch Valin, now professor at the Université Laval in Quebec. The two volumes under review represent the first instalment of the gigantic task of transcription, edition and publication of these notes, some of which are near-illegible.

It was decided to begin with a year from Guillaume's middle period (1948-49, when he was sixty-six) followed perhaps by representative years from the early and late periods, with the design of illustrating the development of his thought. Professor Valin, as editor, took warning from the controversy over Saussure's posthumously-published lectures (reconstructed in accordance with the memories of two of his audience who were subsequently reproached for their unwitting distortion of the master's views) and decided to publish Guillaume's manuscript with only a few minor corrections to the transcription. His lecture notes are in fact remarkably coherent and well-composed, only one lecture being incomplete and unpolished (a defect pointed out by Guillaume himself in a marginal note). The terseness and obscurity of Guillaume's published works is absent here: that there is some repetition and hammering home of difficult ideas is positively welcome for those who have laboured through his other writings. Examples are still far from abundant, but Guillaume does often discuss, with laudable lucidity, the questions and objections of his audience. In comparison Professor Valin's fifty-page introduction is hard going—and should preferably be read as a postscript by all but the expert.

Now that we have a readable "genuine Guillaume", what may we expect to learn about language from it? In particular, most contemporary readers will ask: What can Guillaume give us that Chomsky can't? Certainly not a complete picture of language, especially as the phonological aspects hold no interest for Guillaume; but many of the semantic features of natural language receive more complete and subtle treatment than is to be found in transformational-generative grammar, or indeed its offshoots, generative semantics or case grammar. What is it, in any case, that has made Chomskyan grammar catch on to such an extent—apart from its association, so welcome to young American intellectuals, with revolt against older doctrines, both scientific and political? Perhaps the formalization of description, adding a note of precision and technicality, has its appeal, especially when superimposed on discovery procedures that are purely intuitional: armchair science is in its heyday. Guillaume, too, trained as he was in mathematics, is fond of abstract symbolization, though more often geometrical than algebraic; and he, too, disdains empirical procedures, holding that the subject-matter of linguistics is an abstract mental object, perceived only intermittently through an outer phonological casing.

More important, Chomskyan theories stress the connexion of linguistics with the study of thought—psychology and philosophy—rather than of society; the hypothesis that many specific features of linguistic organization are innate properties of the human mind and therefore universal is one that has caught the imagination of the public and encourages study of the language-learning process of individuals in infancy, rather than of the usage of social groups. Guillaume's theories, too, are concerned with the mechanisms of thought, though, unlike Chomsky, he clearly distinguishes between logical, universal features and linguistic, language-bound features. Like Saussure, moreover, he regards *la langue*—the object of his study—as a social possession, differing from Chomskyan "competence" ("what the native speaker knows about his language") as being in some sense external to the individual and acquired by him in much the same way as other knowledge.

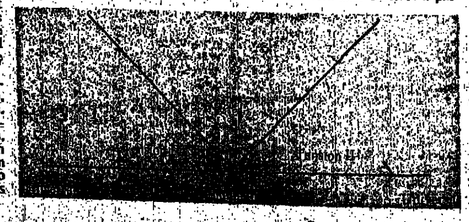
But Guillaume pays little attention to the social aspects of language, as distinct from its psycho-mechanics. For him, far from being "programmed" into all human minds, language organization results from the continuous confrontation of man with the universe and his attempts to "cut it down to size". There is nothing static or fixed about it, but a constant readjustment, with discernible "progress" through time. Language is a tool with which man can become master of his environment, aiding him to perfect his powers of analysis and understanding. Although Guillaume himself declares allegiance to the Saussurean school, Professor Valin sees him as more a phenomenologist than a structuralist.

Guillaume's theories cope with language *change* more smoothly than either Saussure's or Chomsky's, both of which envisage some static thing (a system or a set of rules), fully formed in the minds of adult speakers, which adequately fulfils its function (of communication or of expression of thought), but which can become unbalanced by changes originating in non-linguistic factors, like inter-language contact or the dictates of fashion. Guillaume, on the other hand, sees the interaction of man and not-man as entailing constant change, an appearance of stability being conveyed only by the transversal cuts across the time axis, representing compromise solutions which in their turn provide a springboard for new efforts.

Distinguishing 'langue' from 'discours'

On the origins of language Guillaume continues eighteenth-century ideas, rather than Chomsky's self-styled Cartesianism: human language differs from that of animals by the distinction that can be made between *langue* and *discours* (roughly similar to Chomsky's *competence* and *performance*). But whereas for the speaker *langue*—the system stored in the mind—precedes *discours*—the ephemeral users to which language elements are put—historically *discours* must have antedated *langue*. Guillaume develops Rousseau's hypothesis that the first speech consisted of unanalysed animal-like cries, full sentences from which bit by bit elements were extracted, acquiring more autonomous status. Unlike Rousseau, however, he regards the formation of elements of *langue*—*unités de puissance* that have the potentiality of being used in different ways in *discours*—as constituting real progress: Guillaume is well and truly a distant disciple of Locke. Chomsky's bugbear, in that he regards the development of analytic thought in human beings as historically intertwined with the elaboration of linguistic categories.

Certain universals of human language are envisaged by Guillaume, but at a more abstract and fundamental level than by Chomsky. Faced with the amorphous mass of experience, thought-processes tend to "singularize"—a movement or activity which Guillaume sees as always dialectically followed (in time) by the contrary movement, towards a new generalization. Thus his ubiquitous spatio-temporal diagram—



tial "explanation" which chiefly *all*- is used for chronolo "displaced" usages, grouped the general heading *passé* (ter modal and of plurality).

Guillaume's model concerns on morphology, grammatical f to which is subordinated syntax, has little to say about lexicon, is seen as shifting at a faster than other parts of language, genered as it is to the changing of the community. The questi the meaning of grammatical f virtually ignored in Chomsky grammar, is of fundamental imp ance. The units of *langue* have not but defined potentialities of u which in *discours* can be actual in differing, sometimes even rently contradictory, ways. On at the semiological level, tesh mark a single systematic unit (th the contrary is not always tr whereas in Chomskyan gramma can mask a number of unrelat homonyms. The semantic covered by the sign is not to be cerned from any one set of us *discours*, but can be defined in te of the mechanics of thought.

But to pass from *langue* to *discours* like the speaker (or vice versa, the hearer), time, however short, required—"le temps opérat Guillaume's terms. This cinetic cess is not discernible in itself, can be interrupted by cuts, "saisie that yield "stills" at a variety points along the line of movem Different "saisies" will yield ferent meanings, "effets de sen in *discours*: thus the French im fect (e g, *savait*) marks a point, process lexicalized in the verb in which, typically, part of the cess is accomplished and part mains to be accomplished. Hav the cut can come so early in the cess that the effect of the impe is virtually the same as that of preterite (e g, *sut*), or, in other texts which preclude chronolog interpretation, the complex rela the imperfect renders often hypothesis, affection, respect similar types of distanciation (q a spatial metaphor of the ty fected by Guillaume).

With Guillaume it's all or nothing

One criticism that can be le at Guillaume's model is that it to exclude eclecticism: his ex tions are valid only in terms o own general theory. But eclecti and ad hoc explanation is pa anathema to Chomskyans, too, demand all-or-nothing acceptan an integrated model. However, out the propagandists that h around transformational-gener grammar, churning out dese manuals and work-books design indoctrinate unwary stu "psycho-systematics" cannot ex blind obedience from its follo Although Guillaume advised audience to let themselves be ca along by his argument, lest exa of critical faculties hinder com hension, most of his disciples nevertheless done a lot of pick-and-choosing, and it is only a watered-down version of Guillau doctrines that has been added to everyday diet of literate French Some of the more highbrow, es ally in literary circles, attemp reconcile these theories (accep fact because absorbed from schoolroom atmosphere) with current modish transatlantic trines; the effect is little sho ludicrous.

We must be thankful therefore we can at last examine Guillau ideas at first hand and in unadu sated form. Even in cold prin casts a spell that induces temp suspension of disbelief, and must leave an aftermath that pr nently changes our view of lan Of the two volumes now av the second contains material familiar to even the comm while providing an excellent in duction for the novice. The elaborates on topics Guillaume tackled elsewhere—especially mind and mood in French—but with novel insights into specific pro Both should certainly be rea those who wish for a deeper standing of contemporary thought, as well as by those who an alternative to American-ins ted linguistics.

Aiming high and falling far

DON HIGGINBOTHAM: The War of American Independence
402pp. Collier-Macmillan. £5.85.

MICHAEL PEARSON: Those Damned Rebels
240pp. Heinemann. £3.75.

Attempts to evade the problem of defining the nature of the American revolution by describing events after the union by the United States in a more limited but less confusing fashion as "the War of Independence" succeed only in substituting one set of problems for another. The military significance of the period is as difficult to assess as the degree of political change which occurred. On the one hand the conflict provides the first major example of the successful overthrow in the colonies of an imperial regime by a local rebellion, after a protracted struggle extending from the St Lawrence to the Mississippi and far down the Caribbean; on the other hand, the scale and intensity of hostilities do not seem to warrant the claims for recognition as representing a decisive advance in the capacity of nations to inflict destruction on their adversaries.

The fortunes of war were determined in conditions of both novelty and tradition: European military tactics were employed in the backwoods of America; mobility was demanded of fundamentally immobile forces; regular units proved both essential and unreliable; professionals were defeated by amateurs. It was a conflict too unconventional to be won by the orthodox talents of British leadership. If American military leadership was not markedly superior, its task was perhaps somewhat daunting: the rebels needed to win, while the British had to fight. Circumstances favoured Washington's limited talents and justified his cautious acceptance of battle. Such successes such as the capture of New York, Philadelphia and Charleston did not announce the collapse of American resistance, since on both sides it was troops, not territory, that were in short supply. Historians are no longer bound to discuss the war as national partisans, but this has not diminished the fascination which its problems and personalities continue to command. Don Higginbotham, as a glance at his bibliographical essay will immediately indicate, is an historian of thoroughness and breadth. His description of the war comprehends both European factors and its political and economic repercussions in America. He does not dwell overmuch on battlefield details. Reputations are not revived or demolished and the informed reader is unlikely to find his views of the war drastically changed, but balanced judgments and clear exposition make for an admirable if orthodox summary of the course of conflict, in which British and American successes and failures are impartially described. Only an occasional emotion or error points to a national origin: Benedict Arnold remains unforgiven, and one hopes that John Paul Jones did not attack Whitehaven believing it to be in Scotland. In all major respects Professor Higginbotham's volume will prove both reliable and readable.

Michael Pearson is neither American nor a professional historian. He has attempted to write an account of the war through British eyes, an approach easier to suggest than to employ. In the event, his conclusions on the merits of the British commanders do not differ strikingly from those reached by Professor Higginbotham, though they are expressed with somewhat less academic restraint. Mr Pearson is also more interested in describing events on the fields and seas of battle, and those who relish blow-by-blow accounts will enjoy his narrative.

Six British commanders engage his attention, three of whom—Howe, Clinton and Carleton—were cautious, did not suffer major defeats, and were partially successful, while the others—Burgoyne, Cornwallis and Tarleton—were ambitious, sought outright military victory, and met with disaster. Whether the vanquished were inferior to their less blemished colleagues is, however, difficult to decide. While it is difficult to deny Mr Pearson's assertion that Burgoyne was a bad general, one would have expected, in a study of the British approach to the war, a much more extensive review of the degree to which Germain and Howe could be held responsible for the disaster at Saratoga. Unfortunately, away from the battlefield Mr Pearson's narrative dwindles in authority, and, although he alludes to the mass of primary material which he encountered in the course of preparing his account, the politics and politicians of the episode are treated in crude and summary fashion.

This deficiency cannot be ignored, since the distinction between the two groups of commanders was marked by their willingness or refusal to accept that the war could be brought to an end by purely military means. Burgoyne, though a Member of Parliament, was largely engrossed in the advancement of his military reputation; Cornwallis neglected elementary factors of supply for a hopelessly inadequate force; Tarleton applied ruthlessness for its own sake, employing a style of warfare which, as Professor Higginbotham points out, brought a particular viciousness on both sides to the conflict in the South. Howe, Carleton and Clinton, for very different reasons, were all aware of the limits of their military prospects. While this may have caused them to let slip opportunities for victory they did not necessarily forgo chances of decisive success.

The destruction of Washington's army would not, in itself, have put an end to the rebellion: the consequent maintenance of military control throughout the Colonies would have imposed a major burden upon both the mother-country and the former rebels. North's administration, which had already failed to harness the considerable strength of Loyalism, would surely have found the devising of a political solution beyond its capacities. After 1778, with the spread of warfare to Europe and the Caribbean, the chances of military predominance in North America grew even more remote. Imperial forces, discreetly used, could hold Canada and some, though not all, of the major seaports. Such a strategy would preserve the reputation of Clinton and Carleton but not win the war: Cornwallis and Tarleton aimed higher and fell further.

There were no great commanders and no great battles in the War of Independence: the three decisive blows were achieved as a result of capitulations—the British at Saratoga and Yorktown, the Americans at Charleston. Prior experience proved a dubious asset: Lee and Gates were not on that account outstanding American generals. Greene, Morgan, Arnold and Tarleton may have possessed the capacity to effect decisive strokes, but by the very nature of the war were denied the opportunity to demonstrate their abilities. Since the soldiers could not finish the conflict, the politicians, who had begun it, were left to bring it to an end.

If the British army was, by formal standards, better trained, the American forces may have fought with greater spirit—as Professor Higginbotham is inclined to believe, though Mr Pearson offers persuasive accounts of British discipline in attack. It was not a sharply contrasted conflict of professional mercenaries against amateur zealots, and for this the United States may well be grateful, since it did not lead to the emergence of the army as the dominant institution of the new nation. During and immediately after the war divisions and grievances did not signal the emergence of the army as an independent political force: the Conway Cabal and the Newburgh conspiracy, despite the best efforts of historians, do not carry conviction as examples of abortive coups. The army was not rewarded as well as some of its members felt it should have been, either during or after the war, and its leaders were divided in opinion on occasions; these rather commonplace conditions did not require recourse to military rule.

In any event, Americans were well aware, from their inheritance of British suspicions of standing armies and their recent experiences of military operations, that soldiers were dispensable in time of peace. By June, 1784, the official strength of the United States Army was reduced to the eighty caretakers of West Point and Fort Pitt. The force which had secured American independence had been rapidly dissolved: its historians have made a short span of years last for a remarkably long time.

New England abolitionist

WILLIAM B. HIXSON, JR: Moorfield Storey and the Abolitionist Tradition
330pp. Oxford University Press. £4.

Moorfield Storey (1845-1929) was a Boston Brahmin, a graduate of the Harvard Law School, a political Independent, a successful corporation lawyer and a president of the American Bar Association. He was also the secretary of Senator Charles Sumner, the critic of Andrew Johnson's reconstruction policy, an ardent anti-imperialist, an admirer of William Lloyd Garrison and the first president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. A supporter of Woodrow Wilson's economic and foreign policies, and a proponent of collective security, Storey opposed Senate ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, the reduction of American naval expenditures and condemned Harding's approval of segregation in federal agencies. A laissez-faire conservative in the Progressive Era, he came to demand federal enforcement of civil rights, yet initially doubted the constitutionality of making lynching a federal crime.

Mr Hixson, in his judicious assessment of Storey's public career, recognizes the "apparent contradictions" of his character and offers an interpretation of these ambiguities. Storey, Mr Hixson believes, was the heir of the commitment to civil rights of the abolitionist movement, one of its last representatives, secretary to Sumner, a Wilsonian and the humanitarian, to politics that characterized the Conscience Whigs of the American imperialist ventures at the turn of the century moved Storey beyond the limits of Independent patrician reform concerns—advocacy of the gold standard, free trade and a competitive civil service—to a "perception of a link between the subjugation of Filipinos abroad and the oppression of Negroes at home". Unversed in current sociological Darwinist theories, Storey opposed "the prevalent glorification of physical force" (including inter-collegiate athletics) and from 1903 to the end of his life put his considerable legal abilities in the service of the allied causes of anti-imperialism and racial egalitarianism.

A reluctant supporter of American intervention in the First World War, Storey was equally opposed to German militarism, which he equated with American actions in the Caribbean. He favoured ratification of the original Treaty of Versailles, but rejected the emasculated version presented to the United States Senate, arguing that the "Lodge reservations" defeated the goal of international cooperation embodied in the Covenant of the proposed League of Nations.

Storey's most enduring achievements were in the area of civil rights. It was his hope that the NAACP would become "a new abolition movement", and with his guidance the association fought discriminatory statutes, the growing incidence of residential segregation and the lynching of Negroes. (Appalled by the historical misrepresentation and blatant racism of the film *The Birth of a Nation*, Storey refused to shake hands with its director, D. W. Griffith.) Under Storey, Professor Hixson concludes, the NAACP "represented the culmination of the original abolitionist commitment of Charles Sumner and his idea of 'equality before the law'".

Yet Storey's humanitarianism had its blind spots. With a decided lack of interest in (or awareness of) pressing social and economic issues—the labour movement and its problems, the demands for federal child-labour legislation—Storey revealed the insularity of the New England patrician class, although he never shared its demand for immigration restriction. It is precisely at this point that Professor Hixson attempts to place Storey in the intellectual framework of "the abolitionist tradition". He repeats the familiar charge that the abolitionists of the nineteenth century, while "radical" on the issues of slavery and political rights for the freed man, "revealed little sympathy with the efforts of working men to improve their condition by organizing into unions". But his bald statement that the abolitionists "were not even reformist on any other issue" is open to question. Garrison, one of Storey's heroes, was certainly "radical" on every issue he confronted (and he confronted many), demanding the total reconstruction of American institutions and attitudes, rather than their "reform".

In this respect, then, Professor Hixson rides his "abolitionist tradition" thesis too hard. One would also like to know more about Storey's relations with the White liberals and Black militants who founded the NAACP. (Storey was, incidentally, opposed to its title, which he felt was cumbersome.) This remains, however, a thoughtful and well-written study of a neglected figure in the history of American reform. Moreover, as Professor Hixson observes, the issues which exercised Moorfield Storey—American imperialism and persistent racism—are also of distressingly contemporary relevance.

Black and white

OLIVER RANSFORD: The Slave Trade
292pp. John Murray. £3.50.

Oliver Ransford's new book is not adequately described either by its title or by its subtitle, "The Story of Transatlantic Slavery". It is not a comprehensive study of the slave trade or of transatlantic slavery, although it discusses aspects of both these institutions in its earlier chapters. What it has to say of the abolitionist movements later on is extremely superficial, and the final chapter, "The Harvest", seems to be a general rag-bag of the author's reflections on Black-White relationships, including the unfashionable suggestion that Blacks and Whites differ innately. According to Dr Ransford's own definition of racism, "a doctrine which maintains that behaviour is determined by stable inherited characters", this suggestion would appear to be racist, and it may also be a clue to many other questionable aspects of this book.

For instance, Dr Ransford generalizes frequently about the Black African, emphasizing his participation in the slave trade, and devoting a whole chapter, entitled "The African Inheritance", to the brutalities practised by Africans on Africans as a result of the slave trade. It is worth noting that he ends this chapter with the comment that: "The Negroes were rescued from such darkness by colonialism, and for all its faults and at a time when it is being so universally condemned, this must be counted to its credit." By contrast, his accounts of European brutalities to the Blacks are frequently qualified by the reminder that they were not unrelieved by better treatment, and he accepts the view that Brazilian slavery in particular had "little gall in it". These examples may serve to indicate that Dr Ransford's approach to his evidence is at best ambiguous and at worst prejudiced. They are confirmed later by his discussions of Haiti, where he speaks of Henri Christophe as illustrating "all the themes of the African character": the love of display, the inbred atavism, the sensuality, the shackles of superstition, the easy-going placidity which is interrupted from time to time by outbursts of hysterical anger, the virtuosity which allows such facile adaptation to foreign customs, the flashes of genius in the field of human relationship which evokes so much altruistic sympathy, and the ultimate reliance on the dark gods of Africa.

Dr Ransford's publishers seem to suggest that the fact that he "has lived and worked among Africans for over 30 years" gives him unique qualifications for writing on this subject. But his book is amateurish and his choice of what to put in and what to leave out extremely arbitrary. For example, his chapter on "The English Abolitionists" merely sketches the careers of Granville Sharp, Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce. Similarly, in his chapter on American slave emancipation, rather misleadingly entitled "Die To Make Men Free", he devotes most of his attention to Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is presented as having "kindled the furnaces of civil war", and to Captain John Brown of *Harper's Ferry* fame. Though he later points out that "emancipation was not the original issue" of the Civil War, this warning does not appear to carry much weight in view of the title and content of the chapter.

There are other signs too of the author's lack of accuracy. For instance, he states in a footnote that: "Slave children in Haiti, unlike the United States, derived their status from their fathers, so most of the island's mulattos were free born." He speaks also of "Granada", meaning Grenada, and "Equino", meaning Equiano. There are other errors both of fact and of interpretation which the general reader will probably not detect.

Yet it is surely to the general reader that this book is primarily directed; it is entirely based on quite well-known published sources and its recurring theme, that the slave trade and slavery helped to lead to a belief in the racial inferiority of the Negro, is nothing new to the professional historian, though Dr Ransford treats it as a revelation. Despite its emphasis on this point, however, it is more likely to spread bad feeling than inter-racial respect. It is unlikely to advance either the knowledge of the professional or the understanding of the amateur, unless it is simply regarded as being in itself a document for studying the attitudes of Dr Ransford, and other "White liberals" with similarly ambivalent attitudes towards the Black race.

Oedipus in Disneyland by Hercules Molloy (304pp. San Francisco: Paranoid Press. Paperback, $4.95) is a large-format, large-type fantasy. It purports to be an account of the picaresque, pornographic adventures of Clark Kent, alias Superman, but is dominated by a ponderous though humorous psychoanalytic analysis of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*, with references to Queen Victoria, *Peter Pan*, Walt Disney, Women's Liberation, and so on.

The written and the printed word

THIS BEAUTIFUL BOOK contains the third series of Lyell Lectures delivered at Oxford in 1937, much expanded and reworked by Stanley Morison himself before his death, and later completed by Nicolas Barker. Morison's scholarly output was varied and extensive: from 1921, when he published *The Craft of Printing* to the great *First Principles of Typography* and the *Four Centuries of Fine Printing*; from the history of *The Times* to the biography of Thomas More, and lastly with this posthumous *Politics and Script*, he dealt with many important aspects of 2,500 years of history. The present impressive and most welcome work deals with the development of the alphabet over this period; it embodies the fruits of the author's researches in this vast field over a considerable number of years.

Morison begins by saying:

> To scrutinize Western script . . . it must first be observed that the letters we now use are an inheritance which originated in Greece some twenty-five centuries ago . . . secondly, that they were appropriated by Rome two or three centuries later. If the print now before the reader needs to be thought of in accurate terms, it is correct to say that it is a composition using the "Graeco-Roman" alphabet.

This statement is not quite exact. In fact, the alphabet was created centuries earlier (in the second half of the second millennium BC) by the North-West Semites, was adopted by the Greeks about 1000 BC, and passed to the Romans through the Etruscans. So, if the print now before the reader really needs to be thought of in accurate terms, it is correct to say that it is a composition using not the "Graeco-Roman", but the North-West Semitic-Greco-Etruscan-Roman alphabet.

However, this is a minor problem. The important point is that the author's comments and the 187 specimens of inscriptional, calligraphical and typographical lettering, placed in their historical setting, illustrate all the significant varieties of our modern script. The first specimens are Greek scripts engraved in marble and stone, or written on papyrus; they are monumental and literary, formal and informal, and show the main distinctions of the Greek and the Latin scripts.

In the course of centuries there came into use (possibly in the time of Alexander the Great, about 350 BC) the "finisher", now known as the "serif" (a term apparently of Dutch origin) which is "equivalent to a ceremonial embellishment". The oldest surviving papyrus of any Greek text, that of *Persae* of Timotheus of the third quarter of the fourth century BC, is unserifed. While there are serifed monuments of 334 BC, 286-281 BC, and so on, the scribes did not always aspire to, or could not always reach, a high calligraphic standard; either skill was lacking, or the scribes or their customers could not afford the time or the expense. One of the earliest serifed papyri is a Biblical specimen of the second century BC.

Greek influence on Roman script

It is interesting to note that, with the expansion of Roman domination over the whole of the Hellenized Eastern Mediterranean, Rome was increasingly influenced by Greek culture and art, including the Greek script. Even the great Biblical vellum codices of the fourth and fifth centuries AD (the Vaticanus, the Sinaiticus, and the Alexandrinus) were written in the monumental upright Greek script. Greek scribes in the fifth or sixth century AD also introduced the "tilted" *O*, which Latin writing retained until the eighteenth century.

For a variety of lesser inscriptional purposes the Romans used a style of lettering called "Rustic", which corresponds in part to the modern idea of "Italic". The Rustic capitals, when used for public purposes, were drawn free-hand with brush and paint. The earliest datable Latin Rustic papyrus written in Italy is thought to date from between 31 BC and AD 79.

The most conspicuous, though not the most important, fact about the Latin Rustic is that, like one of the important Greek scripts in Egypt, it is serifed. The Greek letter was designed to combine speed with elegance. The Greek capitals were imitated in Rome and the square form was retained. The only Latin innovations in Rome up to the second century AD were the contrast between thick and thin strokes and the extension of the serif. Rustic was easily made and perfectly legible. The earliest datable Rustic in Greek occurs among Christian inscriptions in the first half of the third century. The Greeks, particularly the Byzantines in the sixth century, reversed the proportions of the square capitals in favour of the Latin Rustic. But on the whole the change of dimension from the antique square capital to the "modern" free, oblong Rustic was an invention of the Romans. Calligraphic innovation, however, was not encouraged and Rustic did not acquire full authority in classical times, but it was "authoritative" in the lesser municipal sense and in decent domestic or personal use. The old Roman square capital, as a text script, was first speeded up and eventually superseded by the faster-written Rustic, a less majestic letter than the square capital. Rustic increased in use from the second to the fifth century; afterwards it declined.

In the early fourth century changes in the administration of the Empire involved changes in texts and scripts. Whereas Augustus had established libraries as adjuncts to the pagan temple, Constantine made them annexes to the Christian churches, and introduced a new kind of book—by the Evangelists, the theologians, Fathers and Apologists—which had been written in Greek.

STANLEY MORISON:
Politics and Script
Edited and completed by Nicolas Barker
361pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £6.

From then onwards the bilingual character of the Church and its constitution as a federation of Greek-speaking and Latin-speaking communities influenced the development of the script.

North Africa was *par excellence* the region of Greco-Roman culture, and here (in present-day Tunisia and eastern Algeria) developed the scripts which served the literature of the West from the second century onwards. Here, also, in the early third century AD, arose the earliest specimens of Latin Uncial, but the earliest datable Latin manuscript in this kind of script is much later, 509-510. The script is Greco-Roman, but the "stately" Uncial began as a rounded Roman capital. Direct comparison between Greek and Latin Uncial is best seen in the Codex Bezae of the fifth century, which presents the Greek and Latin texts on facing pages. At the same time there was in use a cursive form of the Uncial, now known as Half-Uncial. The final partition of Eastern and Western empires, the Barbarian invasions of Italy, and so on, reduced Rome to nullity. The West was free to develop any example of script it chose.

Towards the end of the sixth century the civil situation of Rome became more settled and the arts—including the script—slightly improved their status. In the meantime, in Constantinople, the metal-workers designed the lettering. The goldsmiths shaped the hybrid Greek and Roman, half-square and half-round, capital alphabet; their prestige amounted almost to authority, even in the West. The lettering most familiar to the mass of the people was not that engraved on marble or stone or written on charters but that struck on metal.

In the course of time serifs were added to Uncial and also to Half-Uncial. Little, however, was stable during that period. Christianity itself, weakened by schism, was threatened with death by Islam. The Arabs reached the gates of Constantinople. The Barbarians continued to devastate Italy. That the arts, including lettering, could flourish in such conditions was impossible. It was only in centres outside Rome, particularly in France, that Latin lettering could flourish. In the meantime an opportunity was open for a future third book-script, the Minuscule. Under the Capetians Roman culture, Christianity, education and calligraphic impulse all became part of state policy.

Charlemagne's religious and national policies included the spread of education and the increase of book production. The magnificent script of the Corbie Scriptorium (772-83), written in gold on purple vellum, is in the "Carolingian Minuscule". Alcuin urged upon Charles a proper sense of his unique importance as the great Christian King, and the lettering on the epitaph that Charles ordered to be sent to Rome was engraved in Roman square capitals of a calligraphical purity. The writing in the books produced in Charles's dominions were wholly Latin and perfectly "Carolingian".

After the break-up of the Carolingian Empire, the prestige of Byzantium was widely recognized: its influence in Trier, Reichenau and Regensburg was paramount. Egbert, Archbishop of Trier, created a flourishing school of scribes, painters, goldsmiths and all kinds of engravers. Emperor Henry II founded in 1007 the cathedral of Bamberg, attached to it a magnificent library, and commissioned fine Gospel-books, Lectionaries, etc.

In Italy there was still great chaos in the eleventh century: while Benedict's lettering was purely Roman, in southern Italy there was the forced conversion to the Greek rite and Byzantine rule remained a cause of strife. The abbey of Monte Cassino became a centre of Byzantine uses in liturgy. However, Normans and Germans ended the power of the Byzantines in South Italy.

Bishops and archbishops created magnificent works, such as the Regensburg Sacramentary (soon after 1007), the Henry II Gospel-book, and the splendid Gospels of Henry III (1043-46). Reichenau, Regensburg and St Gall were the main centres of the beautiful "capital" script. Illuminated Lectionaries with Insular influence were produced there, but soon afterwards the Irish and Anglo-Saxon scripts went out of use on the Continent. On the whole, the Western scribes and painters in the Ottonian period reached very high standards of writing and illuminating, and the eleventh century initiated changes in writing of maximum importance. For example, the Uncial, a majestic script for text in the ninth and tenth centuries, became extinct in the eleventh century.

Byzantine versus Latin

The Byzantine Patriarch Michael Cerularius accelerated the speed by which the mixed Greek-Latin legends would be supplanted by pure Greek, and refused to recognize the legates of the Pope. In 1054 Cerularius was excommunicated; in 1059 Latin was banished from the Imperial coinage of Byzantium. On the whole, the Byzantine Church became more Greek and the Roman more Roman, and the distinction of the alphabets became more formal, though in Rome there was no discrimination against Byzantinism, as may be seen from the inscriptions of Gregory VII's time, and the manuscripts in Beneventan script of his successor Victor III, formerly abbot of Monte Cassino, whose relations with Byzantium were very close. However, the Byzantine and Latin chancery hands continued to remain distinct. At the same time, the doges of Venice, like the dukes of Sicily, imitated the beautiful Byzantine capital script. The Byzantine and Uncialesque inscriptions at S Marco in Venice made familiar new capital lettering, which influenced Rome itself, but in the twelfth and fourteenth centuries the Ottonian Uncialesque capital remained authoritative throughout central Europe.

In the mid-thirteenth century a neat, round, heavily stroked minuscule evolved in the Bologna University, and this became the typical literary script of the next century. Side by side there flourished a decorated notarial script. The later use of a broader-nibbed pen, making an unprecedented stroke so heavy as to produce a "black" effect, was a significant stage of the development. The general term "Black-Letter" is confusing, but convenient; so is the term "Gothic". Both terms signify the same category of script. Successive defeats imposed upon papal policy resulted in the urban c[illegible] tional alphabet virtually ceas[illegible] bear any resemblance to wh[illegible] would call "Roman" letter[illegible] the meantime, the spread of le[illegible] the secular professionalization [illegible] handwriting, the expansion of [illegible] versities, academies and scho[illegible] general had brought a large [illegible] of autonomy to the scribes. [illegible] north of the Alps the "Gothic" [illegible] was enthusiastically accepted, [illegible] south its acceptance was post[illegible] temporary. Independently of th[illegible] ligraphers, there worked in Rom[illegible] "Magistri", who produced ver[illegible] inscriptions.

The beginning of the fourt[illegible] century marked the end of be[illegible] tinism in the West. At the same [illegible] there developed a new fo[illegible] humanism—which was destin[illegible] the fifteenth century to cause [illegible] found and momentous skift [illegible] entire structure of West Eur[illegible] society. Authority over every [illegible] had drifted out of the contr[illegible] emperors and popes into the ha[illegible] intellectuals. Florence took th[illegible] and Rome was left in second [illegible] The "humanistic script", cal[illegible] Italy "antica" (not "antich[illegible] legible book-hand, flourished o[illegible] the Alps, while in the north [illegible] "modern" or "Gothic" book[illegible] and its cursive derivatives domi[illegible] the writing schools. The "Go[illegible] *bastarda*, like any other cursi[illegible] written with greater ease and [illegible] than any formal hand.

The humanistic script of Poggio [illegible] who always wrote with the quill [illegible] a controlled free hand, consisti[illegible] majuscules and minuscules. Poggio [illegible] was a scholar and his object w[illegible] devise a plain and legible de[illegible] (upper and lower case) alphabet [illegible] the competition between the up[illegible] and the slanted version of the hu[illegible] istic cursive, the latter proved [illegible] to be the speedier and was the [illegible] ferred one. The last calligraphic [illegible] stance of a Greek and Latin tra[illegible] a script designed to serve bo[illegible] guages was inspired by Bembo [illegible] the fifteenth century.

In Venice at the end of the fif[illegible] century, engravers of punches [illegible] printing trade vied with scri[illegible] in the production of intricate [illegible] tured characters designed for [illegible] as well as Greek texts. The [illegible] typography of the Venetian p[illegible] of Aldus and Kallierges was [illegible] continued after 1499. However, [illegible] invention of printing was bound [illegible] have a determining influence [illegible] the style of lettering in general [illegible] was Aldus Manutius who bo[illegible] upon the world a great heritage [illegible] Greek and Latin literature. The [illegible] tient and versatile values of the [illegible] bination of classical "capital" [illegible] Carolingian minuscule is now [illegible] ally recognized.

After 1465, when typograp[illegible] the humanistic script was introd[illegible] in Italy, the position of the [illegible] Letter was weakened. It rec[illegible] support from the Emperor Ma[illegible] lian, and then the letter fa[illegible] German as "Fraktur" took [illegible] root in Germany.

In France Mabillon published [illegible] great book in 1681 and the ye[illegible] ment to it in 1704; thus he gav[illegible] stimulus to the historical stu[illegible] script. During the seventeenth [illegible] eighteenth centuries formal [illegible] graphy passed out of use exce[illegible] limited ornamental purposes.

Morison's Lyell Lectures, [illegible] faithfully fulfill the promise [illegible] sub-title: "Aspects of Authori[illegible] freedom in the development [illegible] Graeco-Latin script from the [illegible] century BC to the twentieth ce[illegible] AD." The equivalent today of [illegible] authority directly exercised [illegible] script in the past is indirectly [illegible] cised by the institutional presse[illegible] as the State Printing Offices [illegible] France, Britain, Germany and [illegible] United States). The maintenan[illegible] the highest standards of typo[illegible] in all the many languages [illegible] ploy the Roman alphabet is [illegible] academic printers, such as the [illegible] graphia Vaticana in Rome, [illegible] Oxford and Cambridge univ[illegible] presses. The typographical [illegible] fested and developed by the [illegible] and expanding categories of [illegible] printed and reprinted during the [illegible] turies since Gutenberg. Aldus [illegible] Plantin is rightly judged to be [illegible] in the hands of the successors [illegible] founders of these academic [illegible] many other excellent presses.

Art as an opening to Being

DAVID MARTIN:
Art and the Religious Experience: the "Language" of the Sacred
[illegible]pp plus 29 plates. New Jersey: [illegible]ckenell University Press. $15.

[illegible] there is a close relationship [illegible]een aesthetic and religious ex[illegible]ence can hardly be called in [illegible]tion. What this relationship is is [illegible] another matter. There are some [illegible] regard it as one of total or [illegible]al identity; that is, all religious [illegible]iences are aesthetic experiences [illegible] only aesthetic experiences, but [illegible] may or may not be within our [illegible]thetic experiences some which [illegible] more properly be designated [illegible]gious than others. To put it [illegible]her way, these people would hold [illegible] the notion that there is a trans[illegible]ntal reality which is the object [illegible]called religious experience is an [illegible]ion.

[illegible] David Martin does not share [illegible]view. His position might be sum[illegible]ized in three propositions: (1) [illegible] experiences may be aesthetic [illegible]out being religious and some re[illegible] without being aesthetic; (2) [illegible] is a distinction between religious [illegible] secular art; (3) some works of [illegible] which, on account of their sub[illegible] matter, are called religious are [illegible] in fact, while others, such as [illegible]'s "Guernica", though not [illegible] in subject matter, are [illegible]ally religious.

[illegible]ofessor Martin unfortunately [illegible]es only about a third of his book [illegible]cussing these propositions. [illegible]ughout most of its length he is [illegible]med to establish an aesthetic [illegible] on Heidegger and Whitehead [illegible] is intended to support and ex[illegible] the three propositions.

Briefly this aesthetic is as follows. There is the sphere of the "ontical" or secular, where beings (presumably things, events, etc) come to explicit consciousness, and the sphere of the "ontological" or of *Being* ("the source and ground of objects"). Within the ontological sphere, *Being* can be experienced as: (1) *Being-as-Immanent*—the religious dimension; (2) *Being-as-transcendental* either (a) suggested as an "awe-full awareness of *Being-as-immanent*" or (b) experienced "participatively" with explicit awareness. Only this last is an explicit religious experience; the experience of *Being-as-transcendental* as suggested is implicitly religious.

Art belongs to the sphere of the ontological: "Art traces openings to *Being* on its ontical surface." Each art "lures us to *Being* in its distinctive way". These ways are basically four, represented preeminently by music ("the bringing to the fore of process"), painting ("presentational immediacy"), literature ("immanent recall") and architecture ("sublimity"). Although all art is ontological and open to *Being*, some works of art are "ontically orientated" and these are secular; Bach's *The Well Tempered Clavier*, Parmigianino's "Madonna with the Long Neck", and Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* are examples of this kind of art. Other works such as Bach's *The Art of the Fugue*, Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, or Picasso's "Guernica" reveal *Being-as-transcendental*, by suggesting it, and are thus religious, but, because they lack conventional symbolism which pins down their "iconic" symbolism, they cannot be (and by usage are not) regarded as explicitly religious. It is only where explicit reference is made to *Being-as-transcendental*, as in Bach's *St Matthew Passion*, Cimabue's "Madonna and Child" or Eliot's *Four Quartets* that we have explicit religious art.

It is impossible to do justice to the complexity of Professor Martin's thought within a short space. However, it is hardly unfair to say that his aesthetic is not quite as helpful as he may suppose. A reader not steeped in the thought of Heidegger and Whitehead may find Professor Martin's own thought obscured by the terminology he uses; the unknown is often being explained by the even less known. Moreover, the author sets out with a perfectly workable definition of religious experience (adapted from William James) on which he falls back in the vital moments of his discussion. Religious experience as he understands it (and not all theologians would accept this) comprises three elements: an "uneasy awareness of the limitations of man's moral or theoretical powers"; an "awe-full awareness of a further reality beyond or behind or within"; and thirdly, "conviction that participation with this further reality is of supreme importance".

It is, for instance, to the second of these elements that Professor Martin appeals in making his distinction between secular and implicitly religious art; in Picasso's "Guernica" we find this "awe-full awareness of a further reality" which we do not find even in a nominally religious work (which should properly be called secular) such as the "Madonna with the Long Neck" (Veronese's various "Feasts" would also serve as examples). Incidentally, the author also invokes "religious feelings" such as concern, reverence and peace without pausing to discuss this notion. When it comes to distinguishing between the implicitly and explicitly religious, he falls back on the distinction between merely suggesting a further reality and showing a deep conviction concerning its supreme importance.

Not everyone will agree either with his account of religious experience or of religious art, but, shorn of its Heideggerian and Whiteheadian terminology, his scheme works better than most. It is sufficiently flexible to allow that a non-Christian may not find Bach's *St Matthew Passion* any more religious than his *The Art of the Fugue*, while some Christians may hesitate to call the latter religious at all. But where theologians would be most likely to demur is where he refuses to take *Being-as-absolute* seriously or, rather, blurs the edges between the sort of experience which a mystic like Meister Eckhart or St John of the Cross claims to have had and that which a devout person attending a religious service might have. Ironically, when discussing the Magdalen Master's "Madonna Enthroned" he has to admit that: "The sacred comes very close to being represented as *Being-as-absolute*, for the Madonna and Child are barely incarnated in this world."

Professor Martin's description of music as "bringing to the fore of process", painting as "presentational immediacy", and so on, is highly questionable, and, in spite of the space devoted to this theory, it does not greatly advance his main analysis. When, however, he comes down to discussing individual works and their claims to be regarded as religious or not, he has a great deal of interest to say, much of it lively and controversial. It is a great pity that he could not have devoted the whole book to this line of investigation. It is here that the field-work has to be done. It is also a pity that he could not have found space for a mention of such pioneering works as R. G. Collingwood's *Speculum Mentis* or Brémond's *Prayer and Poetry*; and he seems not to be aware of Wittgenstein's *Notebooks* 1914-16, otherwise he would hardly have been so quick to dismiss a certain passage from the *Tractatus*. Wittgenstein says in the *Notebooks*:

> The work of art is the object seen *sub specie aeternitatis*. . . . The usual way of looking at things sees objects as it were from the midst of them, the view *sub specie aeternitatis* from outside. In such a way they have the whole world as background. Is this it perhaps—in this view the object is seen *together with* space and time instead of *in* space and time? Aesthetically, the miracle is that the world exists. That what exists does exist.

The language may be different from Professor Martin's, and perhaps the thought too, but this last has to be shown. And, speaking of language, it is never made clear what exactly is meant by the subtitle: "The Language' of the Sacred".

Finally, it must be said that, despite the tough terminology, most of which occurs in the first two chapters, Professor Martin often comes up with such happy phrases as "To measure and to count is, in a sense, not to see" and "Form is the means whereby values are threshed from the husks of irrelevancies".

Books received

[illegible]AM, CHARLES SCOTT and [illegible]. *Modern Painting, Drawing [illegible] Sculpture Collected by Louise [illegible] Joseph Pulitzer, Jr.* Volume [illegible] 366pp. Cambridge, Massachu[illegible]: Fogg Art Museum.

[illegible] third volume of the catalogue [illegible] Joseph Pulitzer, Jr. Collection [illegible] Louis, Missouri, which is under [illegible]general editorship of Charles [illegible]um, complements the two pre[illegible] volumes published under the [illegible]uspices in 1957-58. As before, [illegible] publication was brought into [illegible] by a temporary exhibition at [illegible]ogg Art Museum of Harvard [illegible]ity, which has been one of [illegible] principal beneficiaries of Mr [illegible]'s generosity. The present [illegible] reproduces every work [illegible]ed by Joseph and Louise [illegible] since 1957, of which there [illegible] more than one hundred. The [illegible]ter of the collection is above [illegible]cific and no artist or tendency [illegible]ressed in depth. If the selection [illegible]ame seems weaker than before [illegible]more experimental, as well as [illegible]ing a higher percentage of [illegible]temporary American works, there [illegible] a few noteworthy acquisi[illegible] namely Picasso's *Portrait of [illegible]* a fine female portrait by Cour[illegible], some interesting works by Gla[illegible], two sculptures by Brancusi, [illegible]ood oil paintings by Juan Gris [illegible] *papier collé* by Braque.

[illegible]raphy and Memoirs

[illegible] *Diaries 1859-1864*. The Remin[illegible]ences of Walter White. 56pp, [illegible] National Maritime Museum. [illegible]. 50p.

[illegible] the series of monographs [illegible] by the National Maritime [illegible] at Greenwich, this is an [illegible] of experiences, and yarns [illegible] from his messmates, left by a [illegible]-painter who served with the [illegible] in the Far East and South [illegible] during the 1860s. The remin[illegible]iscences, copied and arranged for publication while the manuscript was on loan at Greenwich, are illustrated from the museum's collection of prints and drawings.

Education

TREVELYAN, G. M. *Trinity College. An Historical Sketch.* 122pp. Cambridge: Trinity College. £1.60.

Sir George Trevelyan was Master of Trinity from 1940 to 1951. His memoir of the college from its earliest fourteenth-century beginnings at King's Hall to the death of Montagu Butler in 1918 was first published in 1943. It was intended for freshmen who wanted, as he once did, to know more about their college and its buildings. As a concise guide to the Trinity of Nevile, Newton, Bentley, Porson and Montagu Butler it could not be bettered. Mr R. Robson's footnotes and epilogue bring the guide up to the arrival of Lord Butler as Master in 1965, in this new edition which should interest Cambridge historians of whatever college or degree, as well as Trinity freshmen.

Government

MAHESHWARI, SHRIRAM. *The Administrative Reforms Commission.* 570pp. Rs45.

AVASTHI, A. (Editor). *Municipal Administration in India.* 539pp. Rs40.

Agra: Lakshmi Narain Agarwal.

These two massive volumes together constitute a mine of information for students of present-day India. Shriram Maheshwari takes as his theme the various reports of the now defunct Administrative Reforms Commission, which was a kind of Grand Inquisition of the entire structure of the Indian Establishment. Many of its proposals were admirable; but the results have not been commensurate with the effort expended. It has been frequently pointed out that the real difficulty in effecting administrative reform in countries like India and Pakistan is the lack of any machinery sufficiently disinterested and sufficiently powerful to push through the changes needed; so that in effect the fate of suggested reforms lies in the hands of the very people whose "established" interests are most likely to suffer if they were adopted. Here in this book one finds just such an example, set out in illuminating fashion. A. Avasthi's collection of studies of how municipal administration is working in each Indian State is excellently put together. It deals with the general problems of urban government, with training in municipal administration, with governmental control and assistance, and with public participation as a kind of introduction to the way in which the system is working in practice. There are also competent studies of several of the great municipal corporations in such places as Bombay and Calcutta.

History

BOUQUET, MICHAEL. *South Eastern Sail.* From the Medway to the Solent, 1840-1940. 112pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £2.95.

Michael Bouquet's nostalgic collection of pictures, with his accompanying comments and stories of sea adventure and tragedy, recalls the sailing ships of the latter half of last century and the ports around the English south-eastern shores which harboured them, from the Medway to the Solent. The photographs, chosen from a large collection accumulated by the author over many years, show scores of individual vessels which put into Kent and Sussex harbours—or too often came to grief off these shores—in the latter days of sail.

HEWITT, JAMES (Editor). *Eye-Witnesses to the Indian Mutiny.* 176pp. Reading: Osprey. £2.50.

This well-edited and well-illustrated volume contains accounts, mainly by British people, but with some rather jejune additions from Indian observers, of individual experiences in the tragic year 1857, when "The Devil's Wind" blew across northern and central India. It can have been no easy task to select the extracts here printed from the enormous mass of literature which grew up round the Sepoy Mutiny; but James Hewitt has succeeded very well. There is nothing here to disturb the finding of present-day Indian historians that the rising was not so much a national effort to win freedom as the last dying effort of the past to set back the clock of progress. The notes are judicious, although there are two points, perhaps, in which the picture is incomplete. The Mutiny was confined to the Bengal Army; the Armies of Bombay and Madras remained loyal; this fact deserves more emphasis than it has been given. Next, the greatest of the Ruling Princes carried out their treaty obligations. The Nizam and Bhopal kept the bulk of the Muslim community steady; Udaipur set an example which most of the Rajputs followed. Gwalior prevented—at great peril—a general Maratha rising; Patiala led his Sikhs to assist the British cause. The rising was uncoordinated and patchy; the fighting quality of the men on both sides was far superior to the generalship of their leaders. Passions were inflamed; the atrocities on both sides were frightful. But in all the hideous episode gallantry, self-sacrifice and devotion to duty bloomed like flowers on a dunghill.

Librarianship

MCGARRY, K. J., and BURRELL, T. W. *Semantics in the Organization of Knowledge. Logic in the Organization of Knowledge.* 263 frames. Clive Bingley. £2.

Another programmed text in the series of manuals on Library and Information Science issued under the general editorship of C. D. Batty. This particular volume combines do-it-yourself courses in logics and semantics; you follow the right-hand pages only for each subject, turning the book upside down when one course is completed. The method, as always, has a slightly madcap flavour, chasing from one "frame" to the next, with side forays here and there to check progress. But in spite of this, the student of information retrieval to whom it is directed can, by means of it, acquire, on his own, an outline at least of each of these complementary disciplines and acquires it, moreover, in the context of his own specialist interest in the subjects, for both programmes have been researched and tested in the College of Librarianship, Wales.

Literature and Criticism

RUSSELL, RALPH. *Ghalib: The Poet and his Age.* 131pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.

It is a pity that this little volume is priced so highly, for it ranks as indispensable reading for Western scholars interested in the last great literary figure produced by Mughal India. The five papers which it contains were read at the symposium arranged by the London School of Oriental and African Studies to mark the centenary of Ghalib's death in 1869. Ralph Russell, who edits this collection and contributes two of the individual chapters, is now recognized as the foremost authority on Ghalib's life and work; he has already published a definitive study on the poet's career and literary remains. His presentation of Ghalib's Self-Portrait, and his critical examination of the poet's Urdu verse are at once lively and stimulating. Professor Bausani deals with Ghalib's Persian verse most competently; while Professor Spears sets the scene in the Delhi where Ghalib lived and worked. Dr Hardy tells the story of Ghalib's relations with the British—a story which sadly illustrates the plight of a man with roots set deep in a past which had vanished. These five studies together present a rounded portrait of a great but all-too-human man of letters, whose poetry and prose in Urdu and Persian are deeply loved and still held as models of elegant expression, of wit and wisdom, throughout the Muslim world of letters.

Photography

CHANDLER, GEORGE. *Victorian and Edwardian Liverpool and the North West from Old Photographs.* 149 photographs. Batsford. £2.10.

This is the latest contribution to the admirably conceived series illustrating British places with Victorian and Edwardian photography—a series which has already covered London, Oxford, Cambridge, Yorkshire, Scotland and Ireland and gives value for money. Old Liverpool, together with surrounding towns, such as Manchester, Birkenhead and Chester as well as the country and seaside life of the North West, are here displayed in fascinating historical records of surprising clarity, immediacy and technical skill—of buildings, streets, transport, shipping, daily life of the gentry and of the poor—at least half-a-dozen of which achieve the status of art. The introduction and commentaries are all written by librarian George Chandler, assisted by his colleagues.

DREW, JOHN H. *Kenilworth.* A Manor of The King. 241pp. Kenilworth: Pleasance Press. £2.40.

A miscellany of old printed documents and photographs presents aspects of Kenilworth in Victorian

and Edwardian days. A century-old local directory, an indenture of apprenticeship, and some memoirs published in 1903 are a few of the ingredients which help to evoke the atmosphere of former times, as do the numerous early photographs taken in the town. Besides disinterring such relics, John Drew writes about the castle, the excavations at the abbey, the railway, and other local matters.

Religion

CHARLESWORTH, JAMES H. (Editor). *John and Qumran*. 231pp. Geoffrey Chapman. £3.75.

These essays by various authors are all concerned with the question: what is the relation of John to the Qumran texts? A. Jaubert tries to find the Qumran calendar in John. W. H. Brownlee seems to combine acute observation and fantasy in discussing the origins of the Gospel. J. L. Price, A. R. C. Leaney and J. H. Charlesworth contribute interesting and judicious studies. In general the writers seem agreed that John was indebted to the Qumran, but they do not always distinguish between the Qumran texts as illustrative material and as sources. However, they do succeed in illuminating a number of passages in John and I John.

Social Studies

BENGTSSON, ARVID. *Adventure Playgrounds*. 167pp. Crosby Lockwood. £3.75.

The first adventure playground was evolved in Copenhagen during the German occupation; the Danish Government now makes 80 per cent grants to these playgrounds. Since 1943, as the photographs show, the idea has spread as far as America and Japan. Adventure playgrounds tend to follow the same pattern—the making of castles and Wendy houses. These playgrounds are the result and antithesis of flat dwelling and high rise blocks. Besides telling their story, the book lists the minimum requirements and equipment needed, precautions to be taken, pitfalls to avoid, ways in which children can help to run these playgrounds and enjoy it. Anyone who doubts if adventure playgrounds are wanted and really work need only look at the faces of the handicapped children shown in the photographs.

WEDDERBURN, DOROTHY and CROMPTON, ROSEMARY. *Workers' Attitudes and Technology*. 176pp. Cambridge University Press. £3.50 (paperback, £1.40).

A highly technical study of workers' attitudes and behaviour at work based on a 1965 survey in the plants of a chemical company in the north-east of England in which 10,000 workers were employed and varied technologies involved. The differences found between the attitudes of the craftsmen and the labourers to their different types of work and to the company make a useful addition to the growing volume of academic information on the subject.

Sports and Pastimes

DUTTON, T. E. *Salmon and Sea Trout Fishing*. 228pp. Faber and Faber. £3.50.

A useful book on the availability of salmon and sea trout fishing for the holiday angler or for the fisherman who cannot obtain any private access to a river, and the author pays tribute to the information which he has received from association secretaries and from that biennial necessity *Where To Fish*. There is a valuable chapter for beginners and a hopeful reference to the future of the salmon in its fight against disease. The author thinks that the Greenland netting is a far greater problem in the salmon's preservation, but hopes that governments will realize that salmon fishing is no longer the prerogative of the rich. A series of fishing maps at the end of the book is welcome, as is an appendix on the salmon rivers of Great Britain and Ireland. There are many photographic plates.

SCHAEFFER, EDITH. *Hidden Art*. 213pp. Norfolk Press. £1.90.

This book is not for readers embarrassed by the language of American evangelical piety, and by references to God the Supreme Artist, the Perfect Scientist, the Landscape Architect, the Composer, and so on. For those who can take this, it may prove a useful stimulus to painting, music, cooking, interior decoration, toy-making, gardening, flower-arrangement and other ploys for love and for fun rather than for rat-racing purposes.

Trade and Industry

CLEGG, H. A. *The System of Industrial Relations in Great Britain*. 500pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £4.

Hugh Clegg's standard work on industrial relations was first published in 1970, though it was preceded by a different book under the same title published in 1954; Professor Clegg was also one of the editors of the earlier book. This new edition contains an entirely rewritten chapter on the reform of industrial relations and takes account of the 1971 Industrial Relations Act. Hugh Clegg's judgment of the Act is that "the main thrust . . . is not to encourage managers to reform industrial relations, but to restrict trade unions". He argues that the Act, in dealing with employers, nibbles at the edges but that its provisions for regulating trade unions are directed at the centre of organized industrial relations. He concludes that though the Act will transform many of the ways in which business is done in British industrial relations it is by no means certain that this transformation will lead to a major reduction in unofficial strikes, to the reform of union structure and to the reconstruction of industrial relations at plant and company level.

Transport

HARRIS, HELEN, and ELLIS, MONICA. *The Bude Canal*. 192pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.25.

STEVENS, PHILIP A. *The Leicester Line*. A History of the Old Union and Grand Union Canals. 216pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.25.

FLANAGAN, PATRICK. *The Ballinamore and Ballyconnell Canal*. 152pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £2.95.

These volumes follow a now well-established and successful pattern for the series of inland waterways histories published by David and Charles. They trace the development of the waterways from their origins to the present day, providing a mass of interesting details of freight traffic, charges and so on. In *The Bude Canal*, this supporting material appears largely in a series of appendixes, taking up about a third of the volume.

To some extent, at a time when the future of the inland waterways in Britain is once more under controversial discussion, the sections dealing with twentieth-century developments are the most interesting. This is particularly true of *The Leicester Line*, where Philip Stevens records the increase in pleasure traffic as a possible means of revival and of Patrick Flanagan's study, which discusses the conflict between those who would like to develop the canal for pleasure traffic and those who oppose this because of the land which would be flooded as a result.

Travel and Topography

ANDERSON, MARY M. *The Festivals of Nepal*. 288pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.75.

CHETWODE, PENELOPE. *Kulu*. The End of the Habitable World. 233pp. John Murray. £3.50.

Both these books have one point in common. As places once remote become better known for their beauty and interest, there is a real risk that the numerous visitors who can now reach them easily will unwittingly destroy the very characteristics which made them notable. Only a few years ago, both Nepal and Kulu were almost impenetrable; today the latter is overrun by tourists. The case of Nepal is somewhat different; there is still small danger that this kingdom will become "crowded out" even by the increasing influx of visitors; internal communications are difficult; only the most dedicated travellers can penetrate to the remoter areas. But there is a growing possibility that the popular festivals which are so striking a feature of Nepalese life may by degrees lose their true social and religious significance, and degenerate into mere spectacles valued only as tourist attractions.

Mary M. Anderson has done a real service both to the people of the country and to foreign students of Nepalese customs, folklore and recording in great detail the calendar of the more importa vals as they are observed carries her record from the to the end of the lunar year, ing the character of each mythology which it celebra the more significant parts ritual. The whole series is illustrated by twenty-three photographs of great bea interest; while the backgr Nepalese history and social tion is sketched in a concise tory narrative.

Penelope Chetwode has "personal" book which wil to a much wider circle of than Mrs Anderson's more ized study. It is a first-rate book—excellent reading both of the author's gift of scenic tion and of her deep human in all the people whom she the places which she visited. gin there is; but it never obsessively.

War

WHITING, CHARLES. *Werewol* Story of the Nazi Resistance ment 1944-1945. 208pp. Cooper. £2.75.

One of the interesting aspects Second World War was the of the Germans to mount a tive partisan campaign agai advancing allied armies and tinue an underground strug the defeat of the Third Reich true that the Western Alli much concerned about the po of the Germans' continuing res in the "Alpine Redoubt" in so Bavaria and the Tyrol. In came to nothing. There were non-coordinated examples of wolf activity but that was most successful of these is de here. It was the murder of Oppenhoff, Chief Burgomas Aachen after its capture by Americans. Charles Whiting cribes this operation and of the murderers in 1949 The rest of the book is rather Mr Whiting gives no explanatio the Germans alone, of all the pean nations, did not produce san movement.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LIBRARIANS

DORSET COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPOINTMENT of TRAINEE ASSISTANT (Trainee Scale £597 to £1,578).

APPLICATIONS are invited for this appointment at County Library Headquarters, Dorchester. The successful applicant will be given practical training in all aspects of public librarianship prior to secondment on a full time course to College of Librarianship, Wales.

Applicants for the two-year non-graduate course or the three-year degree course must have a minimum of 5 passes at O level G.C.E. examinations and 2 at A level including English Language at either level. Applications will be accepted from students awaiting examination results and from graduates wishing to take the one-year postgraduate course.

Further details and application forms, returnable by 14 September, from the Clerk (Ref. 880), County Hall, Dorchester.

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the Science Section of the University Library. Duties will include supervision of the reading rooms, and some services to readers.

Applicants should normally be Chartered Librarians but consideration will also be given to graduates who have passed the professional examinations in Librarianship but are not yet chartered. Salary, according to qualifications and experience, on the scale (under review) £1,254x66-£1,584 (bar)x£78-£1,974.

Further particulars from the University Librarian, University Library, Palace Green, Durham, to whom applications, including the names of three referees, should be sent to arrive by September 8th, 1972.

HERIOT-WATT UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the following POSTS, with duties initially in the fields stated:

(1) ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Scale £2,079 to £2,874) Senior Cataloguer.

Starting date: 1st November, 1972.

(2) SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT (Scale £1,395 to £2,076) Inter Library Loans.

Starting date: as soon as possible.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Heriot-Watt University, Chambers Street, Edinburgh, EH1 1HX, with whom applications should be lodged not later than Friday, 8th September, 1972.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT (female) required for busy Library/Information Service in the City. Typing essential. Adaptable with the ability to work accurately under pressure. Hours 9.00-5.30. Salary, minimum £1,100 p.a., L.V.s and other attractive fringe benefits.—Tel. Mrs. Laidlow, 01-606 8030.

INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY

BARNSBURY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Barnsbury Park, Liverpool Road, N.1

CHARTERED LIBRARIAN required to work up to 36½ hour five-day week in a newly organised library and resources centre playing an important part in the intellectual life of the school. Interest in cataloguing and willingness to work as a member of team essential. This position will be reviewed annually.

Salary scale: £1,944-£2,424 (pro-rata for part-time).

For further details about the school please contact the Headmistress (Tel. 607 8187).

Application forms from the Education Officer (Estab. 2A/2), County Hall, SE1 7PB (Tel. 633 7546). Closing date for receipt of completed application forms, 15th September, 1972.

GRANADA TELEVISION

Granada Television requires a LIBRARY ASSISTANT to take charge of the day to day running of the Picture Library. The Library collection consists of pictures for design and for use on the screen as well as for press and publicity.

Applicants should be trained librarians (LA qualifications) with a good eye and a keen visual memory. Ideally they should have wide general knowledge and should be interested in design and the fine arts as well as television, current affairs and sport. Salary according to qualifications.

Applications to: R. J. Connell, Personnel Manager, Granada Television, Manchester, M60 9EA.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

INSTITUTE OF UNITED STATES STUDIES

Qualified Librarian with knowledge of current computer applications required for one year. The successful applicant will assist with the maintenance of the Union Catalogue and with the planning and research connected with the Institute's projected Annual Bibliography which will be computer-produced. Suitable first post for library school graduate.

Salary on Assistant Librarian Scale: £1,641 plus £162 London Allowance.

Apply to the Librarian, Institute of United States Studies, 31 Tavistock Square, WC1H 9EZ, giving full details and names of two referees.

HUDDERSFIELD TECHNICAL COLLEGE

New North Road, Huddersfield
Principal: Dr. H. T. Taylor, B.Sc., M.Sc.(Tech.), F.R.I.C., M.B.I.M.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of TUTOR/LIBRARIAN, duties to commence on 1st January, 1973.

A new library and resources for learning centre is at present under construction and will be in use at Easter, 1973. The person appointed will be in charge of these and be expected to undertake some teaching duties in English.

Salary (Burnham Scale—Lecturer Grade I, £1,500 p.a.-£2,535 p.a.

Additions may be given for approved qualifications and industrial experience.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal to whom applications should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. (Please quote Ref. H.T.C. 160).

ROYAL BOROUGH OF KINGSTON UPON THAMES LIBRARY AND MUSEUM DEPARTMENT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN at the New Malden Branch Library. AP. 2/3 (£1,635 to £2,200 per annum, including London weighting). Applicants should be Chartered Librarians but candidates who have completed the Professional Examinations of the Library Association will be considered.

Forms and further details obtainable from the Borough Librarian and Curator, Central Library, Fairfield Road, Kingston upon Thames, KT1 2PS, to whom applications should be sent within 14 days from the date of this advertisement.

PUNCH

is looking for a qualified LIBRARIAN for interesting and varied work, with opportunities for a person with initiative. Salary according to qualification and experience. Pleasant working conditions. Written applications giving details of age and experience to The Managing Director, Punch Publications Ltd., 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4.

PRESTON COUNTY BOROUGH

HARRIS COLLEGE
(Proposed Preston Polytechnic)

COLLEGE LIBRARY. New Post due to expansion—SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Experienced and Chartered Librarian for book acquisition process. A.P.4 £2,100 to £2,388. Post superannuable.

Details and application forms from the Registrar, Harris College, Corporation Street, Preston, PR1 2TQ. Closing date 15th September, 1972.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL

(University of London)
Paddington, W.2
(Amended advertisement)

LIBRARIAN IN CHARGE

Applications from qualified Librarians are invited for the above appointment. Preference will be given to candidates with scientific or medical library experience and to graduates. Commencing salary within the scale £2,823 by £147 to £3,411 rising to £4,134 (under review) plus £162 London Allowance, together with superannuation under the F.S.S.U.

Applications should be sent by 23rd September, 1972, to the Secretary, from whom application forms and further particulars should first be obtained.

THE HONG KONG GOVERNMENT OFFICE IN LONDON

has a VACANCY for a qualified man or woman to take charge of a small but intensively used and highly specialized reference library.

Minimum qualifications: A.L.A. or equivalent and not less than three years post-qualification experience. Salary: £1,532 to £3,150 per annum depending on qualifications and experience, plus £175 London Weighting Allowance.

Applications by September 13th to Secretary, Hong Kong Government Office, 54 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

APPLICATIONS are invited from professionally qualified librarians for a POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT tenable in the Institute of Education Library from October 1st, 1972, or as soon after as may be arranged.

Salary in the range £1,188-£2,022 per annum, according to qualifications and experience.

Applications (three copies) together with the names of two referees, should be made not later than 14th September, 1972, to the Deputy Director of Services, (Ref. B.73/BH), The University, Sheffield, S10 2TN, from whom further details may be obtained.

THE LABOUR PARTY

LIBRARY ASSISTANT/CATALOGUER REQUIRED

Duties will include looking after periodicals, typing and general library work. Salary £18.11 age 17, £21.61 aged 18, £23.61 age 19 or over per week (35½ hours) plus Luncheon Vouchers.

Apply to: The Administrative Officer, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1P 3JA. Telephone: 01-834 9434.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF LUTON

BRANCH LIBRARIAN

required for the new Marsh Farm Branch Library, opening in January, 1973. This library has several interesting features including installation of the Plessey Datapen Circulation Control System.

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians with experience in book selection and staff control, and capable of exploiting the potential of this well-sited, attractive new Branch.

Salary within A.P. 3/4—£1,803 to £2,388.

One hundred per cent removal expenses.

Further particulars and application forms, returnable by 20th September, 1972, may be obtained from the Chief Executive Officer, Town Hall, Luton, LU1 2BQ.

CITY OF LEEDS

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION AND THE ARTS

LEEDS CITY LIBRARIES

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST as BRANCH LIBRARIAN (N.J.C. Librarians Grade £1,803-£2,100)

Application forms for, and further details of, this challenging post can be obtained from A. P. Craven, City Librarian, Central Library, Leeds, LS1 3AB. Closing date: 8th September.

A LIBRARIAN is required for a small technical library in the Vickers Group central research establishment. The conditions of employment are excellent with four weeks' annual leave and salary will be commensurate with qualifications and experience. Written application should be made to the Manager, Vickers Limited, Vickers Research Establishment, Sunninghill, Ascot, Berkshire.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

BRITISH TECHNOLOGY INDEX

The Library Association invites APPLICATIONS for the permanent POSITION of TECHNICAL INDEXER on the staff of the British Technology Index. The post would suit a person with leanings towards classification or subject organization for retrieval, and a wide-ranging interest in the subject matter of science and technology. Indexing is computer aided.

Salary on the scale £1,767 rising to £2,304, with entry at an appropriate point, according to qualifications.

Applications should be made to the Secretary, Library Association, 7 Ridgmount Street, Store Street, London WC1 7AE, by 12th September, 1972.

LANCASHIRE

EDUCATION COMMITTEE
DIVISION 17

NEWTON-LE-WILLOWS COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

APPOINTMENT OF TUTOR/LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of TUTOR/LIBRARIAN. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians, preferably with experience in college library administration. Training in lecturing and tutorial work would be an advantage. Salary in accordance with the Burnham (Further Education) Report, Lecturer I, with additions for approved qualifications and experience.

Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the Principal, College of Further Education, Crow Lane East, Newton-le-Willows, Lancs. WA12 9TT (Tel.: Newton-le-Willows 4636/7), to whom they should be returned by 16th September, 1972.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT required for special library overlooking St. James's Park. Duties concerned mainly with cataloguing and classification under Dewey system. Applicants should be qualified or have taken appropriate sections of Library Association Examination. Experience in a technical library would be an advantage. Congenial working conditions; 3 weeks annual leave; L.V.s. Hours 9.15 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Monday-Friday. Apply in writing giving details of qualifications and experience to The Librarian, The Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 1 Birdcage Walk, London, SW1H 9JJ.

UNIVERSITY OF TORO LIBRARY

Has THREE VACANCIES RARIANS each quite different all are responsible, demanding requiring specialized qualifica addition to librarianship. The are.—

ISLAMIC BOOK SELECTION would like to have at least Islamic Studies, but will conside cants with a good honours B. ledge of Arabic and Persian Turkish desirable. Salary and open, depending on qualifications.

SYSTEMS LIBRARIAN. For this tion we must have an experienced loguer with good knowledge graphic record structures, and puter based data management required for development and vanced automated library syste rarian rank is open, starting sala the range $10,900 to $14, on qualifications and experience.

ENGINEERING LIBRARIAN is essentially an administrative in charge of a 50,000 volume with a staff of seven serving the the Faculty of Engineering. librarian with at least several relevant experience, a good tor with dynamic leadership This position has good growth and advancement. rated as Librarian 3, salary $11,100

All positions are now open be filled as soon as possible. must be librarians with full qualifications equivalent to standard (minimum is Bachelor plus Master of Library Science).

Apply in writing to Deputy (Personnel) University of To onto 181, Ontario, Canada.

BOROUGH OF WREXHAM

PUBLIC LIBRARY—SENIOR ASSISTANTS

APPLICATIONS are Chartered Librarians for the ment of TWO SENIOR ASSIS Salary within the Librarian's Chartered Librarians (£1,5

Further particulars from the signed.

Applications containing details qualifications and experience names of two referees to be by the undersigned by 11th 1972. John P. Hughes, LL. Clerk, Guildhall, Wrexham.

FIFE COUNTY LIBRAR

Applications are invited chartered librarians with perience for the post of Librarian, Glenrothes Salary: A. & P. Grade £2,034-£2,310.

Applications with details age, experience and qualifica tions together with the names of two referees, should reach County Librarian, East Place, Kirkcaldy, KY1 later than 18th September

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

STIRLING COUNTY COUNCIL

Education Committee of the County of Stirling
BOARD OF MANAGEMENT OF FALKIRK TECHNICAL COLLEGE

COLLEGE LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the above post. Applicants should hold a University Degree or equivalent qualification in Arts, Science or Engineering together with a recognized Chartered Librarian's qualification or, alternatively a University Degree in Librarianship.

Salary Scale A.P. Grade 6—£2,562-£2,868—per annum. Placing may be given for experience. N.J.I.C. Conditions of Service will apply.

This post offers opportunity and challenge!

Falkirk Technical College is a major College in modern buildings with Departments of: Building Trades, Chemistry, Commerce and Business Studies, Electrical Engineering, Foundry Trades, General Studies, Mathematics, Mechanical and Production Engineering, and Mining. There are currently over 5,000 students. A major extension is under construction and is due for completion in the summer of 1973 at which point the Library will move to new and extended premises. The College Librarian appointed will have the opportunity of participating in the detailed planning and commissioning of the new Library.

The College Librarian is directly responsible to the Principal for the effective organization of the College Library Service and for implementing the policy of providing Library Tutorials for students in a wide variety of courses.

Application forms may be obtained from Dr. W. W. Easton, Principal, Falkirk Technical College, Grangemouth Road, Falkirk FK2 9AD. Completed forms are to be returned to the Principa at the above address not later than Monday, 18th September, 1972.

Education Department, County Offices, Viewforth, Stirling.

JAMES S. MELDRUM,
Director of Education.

LONDON BOROUGH OF SUTTON

Education Department, Libraries Division

SENIOR ASSISTANT (MUSIC)

Special Grade (Librarians) £1,356-£2,205 including London 'Weighting' allowance.

Chartered Librarian preferred, but candidates holding Part II of the Librarian Association Examination will also be considered. Some experience in music and gramophone record librarianship is essential.

Starting salary depending upon qualifications and experience; progress beyond the bar (£1,908 inclusive) will be dependent upon the holder of the post being a chartered librarian.

Further information and application forms (returnable not later than Monday, September 11th next) from Roy Smith, F.L.A., Borough Librarian, Central Library, Manor Park Road, Sutton, Surrey.

T. M. H. Scott,
Principal Chief Officer.

CITY OF CARDIFF PUBLIC LIBRARIES

APPOINTMENT OF FIRST ASSISTANTS

Library Grade £1,689-£2,100

(1) Central Lending Library
(2) Reference Library (Commercial and Technical)

Applications invited for the above named vacancies from suitably experienced Chartered Librarians. Commencing salary according to personal circumstances.

A new Central Library in the 100,000 square feet range is at present in the design stage and the successful applicants will be expected to assist Senior Officers in the preparatory review of existing Library Services and their re-organisation.

Application forms obtainable from the Establishment and Management Services Officer, City Hall, Cardiff, to be returned to him by 18th September.

NATIONAL LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND

HEAD OF CIRCULATION

Applications are invited, from Chartered Librarians, for the above post at our Westminster Head Office. Initial salary scale £2,500-£2,700 p.a. Applications to reach the undersigned by 8th September, 1972; further details of the post can now be obtained from him.

W. A. Munford, Director-General,
National Library for the Blind,
35 Great Smith Street, London SW1P 3BU

London Borough of Lambeth

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

We have vacancies for full-time library assistants at a salary of up to £1,203 per annum plus £144 London Weighting, subject to age and qualifications.

Telephone: 01-761 0901, Extension 35 or write to:—

Personnel and Training Officer,
14 Knights Hill, West Norwood,
London, SE27 0HY.

LONDON BOROUGH OF CROYDON

Applications are invited for a post as

BRANCH CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

Salary within scale £1,356 to £2,205 including London Weighting (Librarians' scale), according to experience and qualifications, with a minimum of £1,794 for a Chartered Librarian.

Further particulars from the Chief Librarian, Central Library, Katharine Street, Croydon, CR9 1ET. Closing date: 15th Sept.

Head Office

Library Assistant

The busy Head Office Library of the British Steel Corporation requires a qualified Library Assistant who also has a degree in Economics or other relevant subjects.

The Library is primarily concerned with providing a library and information service which covers a wide range of subjects from Industrial Relations to steelmaking, to all departments of Head Office. The Library also provides a service to B.S.C. works in the fields of personnel and management subjects.

The Assistant will be responsible for cataloguing and indexing acquisitions, answering enquiries from all Head Office departments and providing assistance to Legal Services in maintaining their collection and ensuring the information is rapidly available to staff.

Applicants should have had some experience in a library, preferably in an industrial organisation and should be interested in the exploitation of the Library's resources and the development of the services provided.

Please apply in writing giving details of previous experience (quoting reference H.O.25) to:-

The Personnel Manager,
BRITISH STEEL CORPORATION,
33 Grosvenor Place, London, SW1X 7JG.

THE BRITISH COUNCIL

Librarians

Vacancies exist for librarians in British Council Offices in Bangladesh, Iran, Israel and several other countries. The work is interesting, varied and challenging, requiring staff willing to accept responsibility and able to exploit opportunities in the library field. The British Council has staff in 80 countries working in the fields of cultural, educational and scientific interchange. Duties of the librarian overseas include supervision of the Council's libraries; the expansion and development of book and information services; close liaison with the library world and the local book trade.

Applicants, preferably with substantial British library experience, should be either graduates with ALA or FLA or non-graduates with FLA. Appointment will be on a career basis or on contract. A career with the British Council, though based in Britain, will normally be spent largely overseas.

Entry will be at Grade F, salary scale £2,476 to £2,984; plus overseas allowances, free furnished accommodation, paid passages for family and allowances for children's education. Selection by London interviews and board. Closing date 18 September. Write for further particulars and application form quoting L/2/C/3 to Staff Recruitment Department, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London W1Y 2AA.

Kingston Polytechnic Library

REFERENCE LIBRARIAN

Humanities and Social Studies Library

Applications are invited from graduate, qualified librarians with considerable experience in academic libraries. Salary Grade SO1: £2,670-£3,099.

SENIOR CATALOGUER/INDEXER

Applications are invited for this challenging post from chartered librarians with a sound working knowledge of the Universal Decimal Classification and an interest in developing new systems. Salary Grade AP4/5: £2,205-£2,766.

Details of the posts available on application.

Closing date 15 September.

Application forms from the Assistant Registrar, Kingston Polytechnic, Penrhyn Road, Kingston upon Thames KT1 2EE. 01-549 1366.

Kingston Polytechnic Library

ACQUISITIONS LIBRARIAN

Applicant must be a chartered librarian and accustomed to controlling the throughput of a considerable volume of books and related media.

Salary: Grade A.P.2/3, £1,794-£2,205.

Further details and application forms (to be returned by September 18) from the Assistant Registrar, Kingston Polytechnic, Penrhyn Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, KT1 2EE. 01-549 1366.

LONDON BOROUGH OF

HILLINGDON

LIBRARY SERVICES

1. ASSISTANT BOROUGH LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for this senior management post. The person appointed will control the acquisition and disposition of the Borough's book resources and will promote the use of Library Services.

Salary: PO1(1) £3,099 to £3,540 (incl LW). A professional career development scheme giving opportunity to proceed to PO1(5) £4,008 will apply to this post. Ref. L/25/4.

2. HOSPITALS AND HOUSEBOUND READER SERVICE

This new post will involve preparing and operating a scheme for providing Library Services to meet the needs of hospital patients, housebound readers and the physically handicapped. Applicants should have a recognised qualification in librarianship with suitable practical experience and should hold a current driving licence.

Salary: AP 4/5 £2,205 to £2,766 (incl LW). Ref. L/25/5.

Casual car allowances on a budgeted mileage will apply to these posts.

3. ASSISTANT REFERENCE LIBRARIAN

Based in Uxbridge the Reference Library is the prime information point in the Borough's Library Service. Technical, commercial and local history enquiries are handled from this section. Candidates must hold a recognised qualification in librarianship or information work and have had appropriate experience in these fields.

Salary: AP 4 £2,205 to £2,493 (incl LW). Ref. L/25/6.

Further details and application forms returnable by 23 September may be obtained from the Director of Management Services, Manor House, Church Road, Hayes, Middlesex (telephone 01-573 1937), quoting appropriate ref.

The Principal Assistant Borough Librarian will answer personal queries telephoned to West Drayton 2275, Ext. 29.

Glamorgan Polytechnic

POLITECHNIG MORGANNWG

Applications are invited for the following vacancy:

Assistant Librarian

(£1,803-£2,100)

Applicants should be qualified librarian with appropriate experience, a knowledge of U.D.C. being an advantage.

Further particulars and application forms, returnable by the 11th September, 1972, obtainable from The Secretary (Ref. 880), Glamorgan Polytechnic, Llantwit Road, Treforest. Tel.: Pontypridd 3284.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF MANAGEMENT

requires a

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

for its busy library service. The post will involve the maintenance of a co-ordinate indexing retrieval system and some cataloguing. There may also be some enquiry work. Suitable candidates will have completed Part II of the Library Association examinations, and will have some previous experience. The salary is between £1,300 and £1,500 p.a. according to age, qualifications and experience.

Those who applied for the recently advertised position in our Management Consulting Services Information Bureau need not re-apply.

Please write or telephone for an application form to:

The Staff Officer
BRITISH INSTITUTE OF MANAGEMENT
Management House, Parker Street,
London WC2B 5PT,
Tel: 01-405 3456